THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Pocket Edition.

But see, at length, the British Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold, for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one———
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Brown.

VOL. I.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE,
VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

PASTORALS,
MESSIAH,
WINDSOR FOREST,
RAPE OF THE LOCK,
SAPPHO TO PHAON,
ELOISA TO ABELARD,
TEMPLE OF FAME,
JANUARY AND MAY,
ESSAY ON MAN, *&c. &c.*

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh, maſter of the poet and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To man's low paſſions or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe——
Oh! while along the ſtream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
Shall then this Verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart?
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring Pride whatever is is right——
That virtue only makes our bliſs below,
And all our knowledge is ourſelves to know?

Eſſay on Man.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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THE LIFE OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

THIS illuſtrious poet was born at London in 1688, and was deſcended from a good family of that name in Oxfordſhire, the head of which was the earl of Downe, whoſe ſole heireſs married the earl of Lindſey. His father, a man of primitive ſimplicity and integrity of manners, was a merchant of London, who, upon the Revolution, quitted trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to near 10,000l. with which he retired into the country; and died in 1717, at the age of ſeventy-five.

Our poet's mother, who lived to a very advanced age, being ninety-three years old when ſhe died in 1733, was the daughter of William Turner, Eſq. of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed; another died in the ſervice of king Charles; and the eldeſt, following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remained after ſequeſtration and forfeitures of her family. To theſe circumſtances our Poet alludes in his Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, in which he mentions his parents.

> Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
> While yet in Britain honour had applauſe)
> Each parent ſprang---What fortune pray?---Their own;
> And better got than Beſtia's from the throne.
> Born to no pride, inheriting no ſtrife,
> Nor marrying diſcord in a noble wife;
> Stranger to civil and religious rage,
> The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age:
> No courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try;
> Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie:
> Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolmens' ſubtle art,
> No language but the language of the heart:
> By nature honeſt, by experience wiſe,
> Healthy by temp'rance and by exerciſe;
> His life, though long, to ſickneſs paſs'd unknown;
> His death was inſtant, and without a groan.

The education of our great Author was attended with circumſtances very ſingular, and ſome of them extremely unfavourable; but the amazing force of his genius fully compenſated the want of any advantage in his earlieſt inſtruction. He owed the knowledge of his letters to an aunt; and having learned very early to read, took great delight in it, and taught himſelf to write by copying after printed books, the characters of which he would imitate to great perfection. He began to compoſe verſes farther back than he could well remember; and at eight years of age, when he was put under one Taverner, a prieſt, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues at the ſame time, he met with Ogilby's Homer, which gave him great delight; and this was increaſed by Sandy's Ovid. The raptures which theſe authors, even in the diſguiſe of ſuch tranſlations, then yielded him were ſo ſtrong, that he ſpoke of them with pleaſure ever after.

From Mr. Taverner's tuition he was ſent to a private ſchool at Twiford, near Wincheſter, where he continued about a year, and was then removed to another near Hyde-Park Corner; but was ſo unfortunate as to loſe under his two laſt maſters what he had acquired under the firſt.

While he remained at this ſchool, being permitted to go to the playhouſe with ſome of his ſchoolfellows of a more advanced age, he was ſo charmed with dramatic repreſentations, that he formed the tranſlation of the Iliad into a play, from ſeveral of the ſpeeches in Ogilby's tranſlation connected with verſes of his own; and the ſeveral parts were performed by the upper boys of the ſchool, except that of Ajax by the maſter's gardener. At the age of twelve our young Poet went with his father to reſide at his houſe at Binfield, in Windſor Foreſt, where he was, for a few months, under the tuition of another prieſt, with as little ſucceſs as before; ſo that he reſolved now to become his

own

own maſter, by reading thoſe claſſic writers which gave him moſt entertainment; and by this method, at fifteen, he gained a ready habit in the learned languages, to which he ſoon after added the French and Italian. Upon his retreat to the Foreſt he became firſt acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spencer, and Dryden; in the laſt of which he immediately found what he wanted, and the poems of that excellent writer were never out of his hands; they became his model, and from them alone he learned the whole magic of his verſification.

The firſt of our Author's compoſitions now extant in print is an "Ode on Solitude," written before he was twelve years old; which, conſidered as the production of ſo early an age, is a perfect maſterpiece; nor need he have been aſhamed of it, had it been written in the meridian of his genius: while it breathes the moſt delicate ſpirit of poetry, it at the ſame time demonſtrates his love of ſolitude, and the rational pleaſures which attend the retreats of a contented country life.

Two years after this he tranſlated the Firſt Book of "Statius Thebais," and wrote a coppy of verſes on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rocheſter's poem on Nothing. Thus we find him no ſooner capable of holding the pen than he emloyed it in writing verſes:

"He liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

Though we have had frequent opportunity to obſerve that poets have given early diſplays of genius, yet we cannot recollect that, amongſt the inſpired tribe, one can be found who, at the age of twelve, could produce ſo animated an ode, or, at the age of fourteen, tranſlate from the Latin. It has been reported indeed concerning Mr. Dryden, that when he was at Weſtminſter ſchool, the maſter, who had aſſigned a poetical taſk to ſome of the boys of writing a paraphraſe on our Saviour's miracle of turning water into

wine, was perfectly aſtoniſhed when young Dryden preſented him with the following line, which he aſſerted was the beſt comment that could be written upon it;

The conſcious water ſaw its God, and bluſh'd.

This was the only inſtance of an early appearance of genius in this great man, for he was turned of thirty before he acquired any reputation; an age in which Mr Pope's was in its full diſtinction.

The year following that in which Mr. Pope wrote his poem on "Silence," he began an epic poem, entitled "Alcander," which he afterwards very judiciouſly committed to the flames, as he did likewiſe a comedy and a tragedy, the latter taken from a ſtory in the legend of St. Genevieve, both of theſe being the product of thoſe early days: but his Paſtorals, which were written when he was only ſixteen years of age, were eſteemed by Sir William Trumball, Mr. Granville, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Walſh, and others of his friends, too valuable to be condemned to the ſame fate.

During this period of his life he was indefatigably diligent, and inſatiably curious. Wanting health for violent, and money for expenſive pleaſures, and having excited in himſelf very ſtrong deſires of intellectual eminence, he ſpent much of his time over his books; but he read only to ſtore his mind with facts and images, ſeizing all that his authors preſented with undiſtinguiſhing voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. In a mind like his, however, all the faculties were at once involuntarily improving. Judgment is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books muſt compare one opinion or one ſtyle with another; and, when he compares, muſt neceſſarily diſtinguiſh, reject, and prefer. But the account given by himſelf of his ſtudies was, that from fourteen to twenty he read only

only for amuſement, from twenty to twenty-ſeven for improvement and inſtruction; that in the firſt part of this time he deſired only to know, and in the ſecond he endeavoured to judge.

The three great writers of paſtoral dialogue, which Mr. Pope in ſome meaſure ſeems to imitate, are Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenſer. Mr. Pope is of opinion that Theocritus excels all others in nature and ſimplicity.

That Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines on his original; and in all points, in which judgment has the principal part, is much ſuperior to his maſter.

That among the moderns, their ſucceſs has been greateſt who have moſt endeavoured to make theſe Ancients their pattern. The moſt conſiderable genius appears in the famous Taſſo, and our Spenſer. Taſſo, in his Aminta, has far excelled all the paſtoral writers, as in his Gieruſalemme he has outdone the epic poets of his own country. But as this piece ſeems to have been the original of a new ſort of poem, the paſtoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot ſo well be conſidered as a copy of the Ancients. Spenſer's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the moſt complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever ſince the time of Virgil; but this he ſaid before Mr. Pope's Paſtorals appeared.

Mr. Walſh pronounces on our Shepherd's Boy (as Mr. Pope called himſelf) the following judgment, in a letter to Mr. Wycherley.

" The verſes are very tender and eaſy. The Au-
" thor ſeems to have a particular genius for this kind
" of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds the
" years you told me he was of. It is no flattery at all
" to ſay, that Virgil had written nothing ſo good at
" his age. I ſhall take it as a favour if you will bring
" me acquainted with him; and if he will give him-
" ſelf the trouble any morning to call at my houſe,
" I ſhall be very glad to read the verſes with him, and

" give him my opinion of the particulars more largely " than I can well do in this letter."

Thus early was Mr. Pope introduced to the acquaintance of men of genius, and ſo improved every advantage, that he made a more rapid progreſs towards a conſummation in fame than any of our Engliſh poets. His Meſſiah, his Windſor Foreſt, (the firſt part of which was written at the ſame time with his Paſtorals,) and his Eſſay on Criticiſm in 1709, were highly received.

In 1712 he wrote the " Rape of the Lock," occaſioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This, whether by ſtealth or violence, was ſo much reſented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted.

The " Rape of the Lock" ſtands forward in the claſſes of literature, as the moſt exquiſite example of ludicrous poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon the diſplay of powers more truly poetical than he had ſhewn before; with elegance of deſcription and juſtneſs of precepts, he had now exhibited boundleſs fertility of invention.

This poem eſtabliſhed his poetical character in ſuch a manner, that he was called upon by the public voice to enrich our language with the tranſlation of the " Iliad," which he began at twenty-five, and executed in five years. This was publiſhed for his own benefit, by ſubſcription, the only kind of reward which he received for his writings, which do honour to our age and country.

By the ſucceſs of his ſubſcription Pope was relieved from thoſe pecuniary diſtreſſes with which, notwithſtanding his popularity, he had hitherto ſtruggled. Lord Oxford had often lamented his diſqualification for public employment, but never propoſed a penſion. While the tranſlation of " Homer" was in its progreſs, Mr. Craggs, then ſecretary of ſtate, offered to procure

procure him a penſion, which, at leaſt during his miniſtry, might be enjoyed with ſecrecy. This was not accepted by Pope, who told him, however, that if he ſhould be preſſed with want of money, he would ſend to him for occaſional ſupplies. Craggs was not long in power, and was never ſolicited for money by Pope, who diſdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this ſubſcription, which he had too much diſcretion to ſquander, he ſecured his future life from want, by conſiderable annuities. The eſtate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a year, payable to Pope, which doubtleſs his tranſlation enabled him to purchaſe.

The original copy of the "Iliad" was obtained by Lord Bolingbroke as a curioſity, from whom it deſcended to Mr. Mallet, and is now, by the ſolicitation of the late Dr. Maty, depoſited in the Britiſh Muſeum. Between this manuſcript, which is written upon accidental fragments of paper, and the printed edition, there muſt have been an intermediate copy, which was probably deſtroyed as it returned from the preſs.

The reputation of Mr. Pope gaining every day upon the world, he was careſſed, flattered, and railed at, according as he was feared or loved by different perſons. Mr. Wycherley was among the firſt authors of eſtabliſhed reputation who contributed to advance his fame, and with whom he for ſome time lived in the moſt unreſerved intimacy. This poet, in his old age, conceived a deſign of publiſhing his poems; and as he was but a very imperfect maſter of numbers, he intruſted his manuſcripts to Mr. Pope, and ſubmitted them to his correction. The freedom which our young bard was under a neceſſity to uſe, in order to poliſh and refine what was in the original rough, unharmonious, and indelicate, proved diſguſtful to the old gentleman, then near ſeventy, who, perhaps, was a little

aſhamed

aſhamed that one ſo young ſhould ſo ſeverely correct his works. Letters of diſſatisfaction were written by Mr. Wycherley, and at laſt he informed him, in a few words, that he was going out of town, without mentioning to what place, and did not expect to hear from him till he came back. This cold indifference extorted from Mr. Pope a proteſtation, that nothing ſhould induce him ever to write to him again. Notwithſtanding this peeviſh behaviour of Mr. Wycherley, occaſioned by jealouſy and infirmities, Mr. Pope preſerved a conſtant reſpect and reverence for him while he lived, and after his death lamented him. In a letter to Edward Blount, Eſq. written immediately on the death of this poet, he has there related ſome anecdotes of Wycherley, which we ſhall here inſert.

" Dear Sir,

" I know of nothing that will be ſo intereſting to " you at preſent as ſome circumſtances of the laſt act " of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wy- " cherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he " did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as " ſoon as his life was deſpaired of: accordingly, a few " days before his death, he underwent the ceremony, " and joined together thoſe two ſacraments, which " wiſe men ſay ſhould be the laſt we receive; for, if " you obſerve, matrimony is placed after extreme " unction in our catechiſm, as a kind of hint of the " order of time in which they are to be taken. The " old man then lay down, ſatisfied in the conſcience " of having, by this one act, paid his juſt debts, and " obliged a woman who, he was told, had merit, and " ſhown an heroic reſentment of the ill uſage of his " next heir. Some hundred prounds which he had " with the lady diſcharged thoſe debts; a jointure of " four hundred a-year made her a recompence; and " the nephew he left to comfort himſelf, as well as he " could, with the miſerable remains of a mortgaged

" eſtate.

" eſtate. I ſaw our friend twice after this was done, " leſs peeviſh in his ſickneſs than he uſed to be in his " health, neither much afraid of dying, nor (which " in him had been more likely) much aſhamed of " marrying. The evening before he expired he called " his young wife to the bed-ſide, and earneſtly en- " treated her not to deny him one requeſt, the laſt he " ſhould ever make: upon her aſſurance of conſenting " to it, he told her, " My dear, it is only this, that " you will never marry an old man again." I cannot " help remarking, that ſickneſs, which often deſtroys " both wit and wiſdom, yet ſeldom has power to re- " move that talent we call humour: Mr. Wycherley " ſhewed this even in this laſt compliment; though I " think his requeſt a little hard; for why ſhould he " bar her from doubling her jointure on the ſame eaſy " terms?"

One of the moſt affecting and tender compoſitions of Mr Pope is his "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," built on a true ſtory. We are informed in the Life of Pope, for which Curl obtained a patent, that this young lady was a particular favourite of the Poet, though it is not aſcertained whether he himſelf was the perſon from whom ſhe was removed. This young lady was of very high birth, poſſeſſed an opulent fortune, and under the tuterage of an uncle, who gave her an education ſuitable to her titles and pretenſions. She was eſteemed a match for the greateſt peer in the realm, but in her early years ſhe ſuffered her heart to be engaged by a young gentleman, and, in conſequence of this attachment, rejected offers made to her by perſons of quality, ſeconded by the ſolicitations of her uncle. Her guardian, being ſurpriſed at this behaviour, ſet ſpies upon her, to find out the real cauſe of her indifference. Her correſpondence with her lover was ſoon diſcovered, and when urged upon that topic, ſhe had too much truth and honour to deny it. The uncle, finding that ſhe would make no efforts to diſ-

engage

engage her affection, after a little time forced her abroad, where ſhe was received with a ceremony due to her quality, but reſtricted from the converſation of every one but the ſpies of this ſevere guardian, ſo that it was impoſſible for her lover even to have a letter delivered into her hands. She languiſhed in this place a conſiderable time, bore an infinite deal of ſickneſs, and was overwhelmed with the profoundeſt ſorrow. Nature being wearied out with continual diſtreſs, and being driven at laſt to deſpair, the unfortunate lady, as Mr. Pope juſtly calls her, put an end to her own life, having bribed a maid ſervant to procure her a ſword. She was found upon the ground weltering in her blood. The ſeverity of the laws of the place, where this fair unfortunate periſhed, denied her Chriſtian burial, and ſhe was interred without ſolemnity, or even any attendants to perform the laſt offices of the dead, except ſome young people of the neighbourhood, who ſaw her put into common ground, and ſtrewed the grave with flowers.

The Poet, in the Elegy, takes occaſion to mingle, with the tears of ſorrow, juſt reproaches upon her cruel uncle, who drove her to this violation.

> But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
> Thou baſe betrayer of a brother's blood!
> See on thoſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
> Thoſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of death;
> Lifeleſs the breaſt which warm'd the world before,
> And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.

The concluſion of this elegy is irreſiſtibly affecting.

> So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
> Which once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame:
> How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
> To whom related, or by whom begot;
> A heap of duſt alone remains of thee;
> 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

No poem of our Author's more deſervedly obtained him reputation than his Eſſay on Criticiſm. Mr. Addiſon, in his Spectator, No. 253, has celebrated it with ſuch profuſe terms of admiration, that it is really aſtoniſhing

aſtoniſhing to find the ſame man endeavouring afterwards to diminiſh that fame he had contributed to raiſe ſo high.

"The Art of Criticiſm," ſays he, "which was "publiſhed ſome months ago, is a maſterpiece in its "kind. The obſervations follow one another, like "thoſe in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that me"thodical regularity which would have been requiſite "in a proſe writer. They are ſome of them uncom"mon, but ſuch as the reader muſt aſſent to when he "ſees them explained with that elegance and perſpi"cuity with which they are delivered. As for thoſe "which are the moſt known, and the moſt received, "they are placed in ſo beautiful a light, and illuſtra"ted with ſuch apt alluſions, that they have in them "all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who "was before acquainted with them, ſtill more convin"ced of their truth and ſolidity. And here give me "leave to mention what Monſieur Boileau has ſo well "enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works, that wit "and fine writing do not conſiſt ſo much in advancing "things that are new, as in giving things that are "known an agreeable turn. It is impoſſible for us, who "live in the latter ages of the world, to make obſer"vations in criticiſm, morality, or any art and ſci"ence which have not been touched upon by others. "We have little elſe left us but to repreſent the com"mon ſenſe of mankind in more ſtrong, more beauti"ful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader exa"mines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few "precepts in it which he may not meet with in Ariſ"totle, and which were not commonly known by all "the poets of the Auguſtan age. His way of expreſ"ſing and applying them, not his invention of them, "is what we are chiefly to admire.

"Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the "ſame kind of ſublime which he obſerves in the ſeve"ral paſſages which occaſioned them. I cannot but

"take

" take notice that our Engliſh Author has, after the " ſame manner, exemplified ſeveral of his precepts in " the very precepts themſelves." He then produces ſome inſtances of a particular kind of beauty in the numbers, and concludes with ſaying, " That we have " three poems in our tongue of the ſame nature, and " each a maſterpiece in its kind; the Eſſay on Tranſ- " lated Verſe, the Eſſay on the Art of Poetry, and the " Eſſay on Criticiſm."

Addiſon and Pope were now at the head of poetry and criticiſm; and both in ſuch a ſtate of elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Roman ſtate, one could no longer bear an equal, nor the other a ſuperior. Of the gradual abatement of kindneſs between friends, the beginning is often ſcarcely diſcernible by themſelves, and the proceſs is continued by petty provocations, and incivilities ſometimes peeviſhly returned, and ſometimes contemptuouſly neglected, which would eſcape all attention but that of pride, and drop from any memory but that of reſentment. That the quarrel of theſe two wits ſhould be minutely deduced is not to be expected; however, we ſhall mention ſuch circumſtances as are the moſt material.

The author of Miſt's Journal poſitively aſſerts, " that Mr. Addiſon raiſed Pope from obſcurity, ob- " tained him the acquaintance and friendſhip of the " whole body of our nobility, and transferred his " powerful influence with thoſe great men to this " riſing bard, who frequently levied, by that means, " unuſual contributions on the public."

When this charge of ingratitude and diſhonour was publiſhed againſt Mr. Pope, to acquit himſelf of it, he called upon any nobleman whoſe friendſhip, or any one gentleman whoſe ſubſcription, Mr. Addiſon had procured to our Author, to ſtand forth and declare it, that truth might appear. But the whole libel was proved a malicious ſtory by many perſons of diſtinction, who, ſeveral years before Mr. Addiſon's deceaſe, approved

thoſe verſes denominated a libel, but which were, it is ſaid, a friendly rebuke, ſent privately in our Author's own hand, to Mr. Addiſon himſelf, and never made public till by Curl, in his Miſcellanies, 12mo, 1727. The lines, indeed, are elegantly ſatirical, and, in the opinion of many unprejudiced judges, who had opportunities of knowing the character of Mr. Addiſon, are no ill repreſentation of him. Speaking of the poetical triflers of the times, who had declared againſt him, he makes a ſudden tranſition to Addiſon.

Peace to all ſuch! But were there one whoſe fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inſpires,
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe;
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no rival near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And, without ſneering, others teach to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools; by flatterers beſieg'd;
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd.
Like Cato give his little ſenate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe.
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be!
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

Some readers may think theſe lines ſevere, but the treatment he received from Mr. Addiſon was more than ſufficient to juſtify them, which will appear when we particularize an interview between theſe two poetical antagoniſts, procured by the warm ſolicitations of Sir Richard Steele, who was preſent at it, as well as Mr. Gray.

Mr. Jervas being one day in company with Mr. Addiſon, the converſation turned upon Mr. Pope, for whom Addiſon, at that time, expreſſed the higheſt regard, and aſſured Mr. Jervas that he would make uſe, not only of his intereſt, but of his art likewiſe, to do Mr. Pope ſervice. He then ſaid, he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at Court; and proteſted, not-

withſtanding many inſinuations were ſpread, that it ſhould not be his fault if there was not the beſt underſtanding and intelligence between them. He obſerved, that Dr. Swift might have carried him too far among the enemy during the animoſity, but now all was ſafe, and Mr. Pope, in his opinion, was eſcaped. When Mr. Jervas communicated this converſation to Mr. Pope, he made this reply: "The friendly office you "endeavour to do between Mr. Addiſon and me de- "ſerves acknowledgments on my part. You thorough- "ly know my regard to his character, and my readi- "neſs to teſtify it by all ways in my power; you alſo "thoroughly knew the meanneſs of that proceeding "of Mr. Phillips, to make a man I ſo highly value "ſuſpect my diſpoſition towards him. But as, after "all, Mr. Addiſon muſt be judge in what regards him- "ſelf, and as he has ſeemed not to be a very juſt one "to me, ſo I muſt own to you I expect nothing but "civility from him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his "friendſhip; and, as for any offers of real kindneſs "or ſervice, which it is in his power to do me, I ſhould "be aſhamed to receive them from a man who has no "better opinion of my morals than to think me a party "man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable "of maligning or envying another's reputation as a "poet. In a word, Mr. Addiſon is ſure of my re- "ſpect at all times, and of my real friendſhip, when- "ever he ſhall think fit to know me for what I am."

Some years after this converſation, at the deſire of Sir Richard Steele, they met. At firſt, a very cold civility, and nothing elſe, appeared on either ſide; for Mr. Addiſon had a natural reſerve and gloom at the beginning of an evening, which, by converſation and a glaſs, brightened into an eaſy chearfulneſs. Sir Richard Steele, who was a moſt ſocial benevolent man, begged of him to fulfil his promiſe, in dropping all animoſity againſt Mr. Pope. Mr. Pope then deſired to be made ſenſible how he had offended, and obſerved,

that

that the tranſlation of Homer, if that was the great crime, was undertaken at the requeſt, and almoſt at the command, of Sir Richard Steele. He entreated Mr. Addiſon to ſpeak candidly and freely, though it might be with ever ſo much ſeverity, rather than, by keeping up forms of complaiſance, conceal any of his faults. This Mr. Pope ſpoke in ſuch a manner as plainly indicated he thought Mr. Addiſon the aggreſſor, and expected him to condeſcend, and own himſelf the cauſe of the breach between them. But he was diſappointed; for Mr. Addiſon, without appearing to be angry, was quite overcome with it. He began with declaring, that he always had wiſhed him well, had often endeavoured to be his friend, and in that light adviſed him, if his nature was capable of it, to diveſt himſelf of part of his vanity, which was too great for his merit; that he had not arrived yet to that pitch of excellence he might imagine, or think his moſt partial readers imagined; that when he and Sir Richard Steele corrected his verſes, they had a different air; reminding Mr. Pope of the amendment, by Sir Richard, of a line in the poem called the Meſſiah;

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

Which is taken from the prophet Iſaiah,

The Lord God will wipe all tears from off all faces;

From every face he wipes off every tear.

And it ſtands ſo altered in the newer editions of Mr. Pope's works. He proceeded to lay before him all the miſtakes and inaccuracies hinted at by the writers who had attacked Mr. Pope, and added many things which he himſelf objected to. Speaking of his tranſlation in general, he ſaid, that he was not to be blamed for endeavouring to get ſo large a ſum of money, but that it was an ill-executed thing, and not equal to Tickell, which had all the ſpirit of Homer. Mr. Addiſon concluded, in a low hollow voice of feigned temper, that he was not ſolicitous about his own fame as a poet;

that he had quitted the Muſes to enter into the buſineſs of the public; and that all he ſpoke was through friendſhip to Mr. Pope, whom he adviſed to have a leſs exalted ſenſe of his own merit.

Mr. Pope could not well bear ſuch repeated reproaches, but boldly told Mr. Addiſon, that he appealed from his judgment to the public, and that he had long known him too well to expect any friendſhip from him; upbraided him with being a penſioner from his youth, ſacrificing the very learning purchaſed by the public money to a mean thirſt of power; that he was ſent abroad to encourage literature, in place of which he had always endeavoured to ſuppreſs merit. At laſt the conteſt grew ſo warm that they parted without any ceremony, and Mr. Pope, upon this, wrote the foregoing verſes.

In this account, and indeed in all other accounts which have been given concerning this quarrel, it does not appear that Mr. Pope was the aggreſſor. If Mr. Addiſon entertained ſuſpicions of Mr. Pope's being carried too far among the enemy, the danger was certainly Mr. Pope's, and not Mr. Addiſon's. It was his misfortune, and not his crime. If Mr. Addiſon ſhould think himſelf capable of becoming a rival to Mr. Pope, and, in conſequence of this opinion, publiſh a tranſlation of part of Homer at the ſame time with Mr. Pope's, and if the public ſhould decide in favour of the latter, by reading his tranſlation, and neglecting the other, can any fault be imputed to Mr. Pope? Could he be blamed for exerting all his abilities in ſo arduous a province? And was it his fault that Mr. Addiſon (for the Firſt Book of Homer was undoubtedly his) could not tranſlate to pleaſe the public? Beſides, was it not ſomewhat preſumptuous to inſinuate to Mr. Pope, that his verſes bore another face when he corrected them, while, at the ſame time, the tranſlation of Homer, which he had never ſeen in manuſcript, bore away the palm from that very tranſlation he himſelf

aſſerted

aſſerted was done in the true ſpirit of Homer? In matters of genius the public judgment ſeldom errs, and in this caſe poſterity has confirmed the ſentence of that age which gave the preference to Mr. Pope: for his tranſlation is in the hands of all readers of taſte, while the other is ſeldom regarded but as a foil to Pope's.

It would appear as if Mr. Addiſon were himſelf ſo immerſed in party buſineſs as to contract his benevolence to the limits of a faction, which was infinitely beneath the views of a philoſopher, and the rules which that excellent writer himſelf eſtabliſhed. If this was the failing of Mr. Addiſon, it was not the error of Pope, for he kept the ſtricteſt correſpondence with ſome perſons whoſe affections to the Whig intereſt were ſuſpected, yet was his name never called in queſtion. While he was in favour with the Duke of Buckingham, the Lords Bolingbroke, Oxford, and Harcourt, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Prior, he did not drop his correſpondence with the Lord Halifax, Mr. Craggs, and moſt of thoſe who were at the head of the Whig intereſt. A profeſſed Jacobite one day remonſtrated to Mr. Pope, that the people of his party took it ill that he ſhould write with Mr. Steele upon ever ſo indifferent a ſubject; at which he could not help ſmiling, and obſerved, that he hated narrowneſs of ſoul in any party; and that if he renounced his reaſon in religious matters, he ſhould hardly do it on any other; and that he could pray, not only for oppoſite parties, but even for oppoſite religions. Mr. Pope conſidered himſelf as a citizen of the world, and was therefore obliged to pray for the proſperity of mankind in general. As a ſon of Britain, he wiſhed thoſe councils might be ſuffered by Providence to prevail which were moſt for the intereſt of his native country; but as politics was not his ſtudy, he could not always determine, at leaſt with any degree of certainty, whoſe councils were beſt; and had charity enough to believe that contending parties might mean well. As taſte and ſcience are confined to no country,

ſo ought they not to be excluded from any party; and Mr. Pope had an unexceptionable right to live upon terms of the ſtricteſt friendſhip with every man of parts, to which party ſoever he might belong. Mr. Pope's uprightneſs in his conduct towards contending politicians, is demonſtrated by his living independent of either faction: he accepted no place, and had too high a ſpirit to become a penſioner.

Many efforts were made to proſelyte Pope from the Popiſh faith, which all proved ineffectual. His friends conceived hopes, from the moderation which he on all occaſions expreſſed, that he was really a Proteſtant in his heart, and that upon the death of his mother he would not ſcruple to declare his ſentiments, notwithſtanding the reproaches he might incur from the Popiſh party, and the public obſervation it would draw upon him. The Biſhop of Rocheſter ſtrongly adviſed him to read the controverted points between the Proteſtant and the Catholic church, to ſuffer his unprejudiced reaſon to determine for him, and he made no doubt but a ſeparation from the Romiſh communion would ſoon enſue. To this Mr. Pope very candidly anſwered, "Whether the change would be to my ſpiritual advantage God only knows: this I know, that I mean "as well in the religion I now profeſs, as ever I can "do in any other. Can a man who thinks ſo juſtify "a change, even if he thought both equally good? To "ſuch an one the part of joining with any one body of "Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it "would not be ſo to renounce the other.

"Your Lordſhip has formerly adviſed me to read "the beſt controverſies between the Churches. Shall "I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old, "for I loved reading, and my father had no other "books. There was a collection of all that had been "written on both ſides in the reign of King James II. "I warmed my head with them, and the conſequence "was, I found myſelf a Papiſt or a Proteſtant by turns,

"according

" according to the laſt book I read. I am afraid moſt " ſeekers are in the ſame caſe, and when they ſtop, " they are not ſo properly controverted as outwitted. " You ſee how little glory you would gain by my con- " verſion; and, after all, I verily believe your Lord- " ſhip and I are both of the ſame religion, if we " were thoroughly underſtood by one another, and " that all honeſt and reaſonable Chriſtians would be " ſo, if they did but talk enough together every day, " and had nothing to do together but to ſerve God, " and live in peace with their neighbours.

" As to the temporal ſide of the queſtion, I can " have no diſpute with you; it is certain all the bene- " ficial circumſtances of life, and all the ſhining ones, " lie on the part you would invite me to: but if I " could bring myſelf to fancy, what I think you do " but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I " want health for it; and beſides, it is a real truth, I " have, if poſſible, leſs inclination than ability. Con- " templative life is not only my ſcene, but is my habit " too. I begun my life where moſt people end theirs, " with a diſguſt of all that the whole world calls am- " bition. I don't know why it is called ſo; for, to " me, it always ſeemed to be rather ſtooping than " climbing. I'll tell you my politic and religious " ſentiments in a few words: in my politics I think " no farther than how to preſerve my peace of life in " any government under which I live; nor in my re- " ligion than to preſerve the peace of my conſcience in " in any church with which I communicate. I hope " all churches and all governments are ſo far of God, " as they are rightly underſtood, and rightly admi- " ſtered; and where they are, or may be, wrong, I " leave it to God alone to mend or reform them, which, " whenever he does, it muſt be by greater inſtruments " than I am. I am not a Papiſt, for I renounce the " temporal invaſions of the papal power, and deteſt " their arrogated authority over princes and ſtates.

" I am

"I am a Catholic in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. "If I was born under an abſolute prince I would be "a quiet ſubject; but I thank God I was not. I "have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the Britiſh "conſtitution. In a word, the things I have always "wiſhed to ſee are not a Roman Catholic, or a French "Catholic, or a Spaniſh Catholic, but a true Catho-"lic; and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, "but a king of England."

Theſe are the peaceful maxims upon which we find Mr. Pope conducted his life; and if they cannot in ſome reſpects be juſtified, yet it muſt be owned that his religion and his politics were well enough adapted for a poet, which entitled him to a kind of univerſal patronage, and to make every good man his friend.

Dean Swift ſometimes wrote to Mr. Pope on the topic of changing his religion, and once humorouſly offered him twenty pounds for that purpoſe. Mr. Pope's anſwer to this Lord Orrery has obliged the world by preſerving in the life of Swift. It is a perfect maſterpiece of wit and pleaſantry.

We have already taken notice that Mr. Pope was called upon by the public voice to tranſlate the Iliad, which he performed with ſo much applauſe, and, at the ſame time, with ſo much profit to himſelf, that he was envied by many writers whoſe vanity, perhaps, induced them to believe themſelves equal to ſo great a deſign. A combination of inferior wits were employed to write the Popiad, in which his tranſlation is characterized as unjuſt to the original, without beauty of language, or variety of numbers. Inſtead of the juſtneſs of the original, they ſay there is abſurdity and extravagance: inſtead of the beautiful language of the original, there is ſoleciſm and barbarous Engliſh. A candid reader may eaſily diſcern from this furious introduction, that the critics were actuated rather by malice than truth, and that they muſt judge

with

with their eyes ſhut, who can ſee no beauty of language, no harmony of numbers, in this tranſlation.

But the moſt formidable critic againſt Mr. Pope in this great undertaking was the celebrated Madam Dacier, whom Mr. Pope treated with leſs ceremony in his Notes on the Iliad, than, in the opinion of ſome people, was due to her ſex. This learned lady was not without a ſenſe of the injury, and took an opportunity of diſcovering her reſentment.

"Upon finiſhing," ſays ſhe, "the ſecond edition of "my tranſlation of Homer, a particular friend ſent me "a tranſlation of part of Mr. Pope's Preface to his "verſion of the Iliad. As I do not underſtand Eng-"liſh, I cannot form any judgment of his performance, "though I have heard much of it. I am indeed wil-"ling to believe, that the praiſes it has met with are "not unmerited, becauſe whatever work is approved "by the Engliſh nation cannot be bad; but yet I hope "I may be permitted to judge of that part of the "preface which has been tranſmitted to me; and I "here take the liberty of giving my ſentiments con-"cerning it. I moſt freely acknowledge that Mr. "Pope's invention is very lively, though he ſeems to "have been guilty of the ſame fault into which he "owns we are often precipitated by our invention, "when we depend too much upon the ſtrength of it; "as magnanimity, ſays he, may run up to confuſion "and extravagance, ſo may great invention to redun-"dancy and wildneſs.

"This has been the very caſe of Mr. Pope himſelf: "nothing is more overſtrained, or more falſe, than "the images in which his fancy has repreſented Ho-"mer. Sometimes he tells us that the Iliad is a wild "paradiſe, where, if he cannot ſee all the beauties, as "in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the number "of them is infinitely greater. Sometimes he com-"pares him to a copious nurſery, which contains the "ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind; and, laſtly,

"he

" he repreſents him under the notion of a mighty tree, " which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is im- " proved with induſtry, flouriſhes and produces the " fineſt fruit, but bears too many branches, which " might be lopped into form, to give it a more regular " appearance.

" What! is Homer's poem then, according to Mr. " Pope, a confuſed heap of beauties, without order " or ſymmetry, and a plot whereon nothing but ſeeds, " nor nothing perfect or formed is to be found; and a " production loaded with many unprofitable things, " which ought to be retrenched, and which choak and " disfigure thoſe which deſerve to be preſerved? Mr. " Pope will pardon me if I here oppoſe thoſe com- " pariſons, which to me appear very falſe, and en- " tirely contrary to what the greateſt of ancient and " modern critics ever thought.

" The Iliad is ſo far from being a wild paradiſe, " that it is the moſt regular garden, and laid out with " more ſymmetry than any ever was. Every thing " therein is not only in the place it ought to have " been, but everything is fitted for the place it hath. " He preſents you, at firſt, with that which ought to " be firſt ſeen; he places in the middle what ought to " be in the middle, and what would be improperly " placed at the beginning or end; and he removes " what ought to be at a greater diſtance, to create " the more agreeable ſurpriſe; and, to uſe a compa- " riſon drawn from painting, he places that in the " greateſt light which cannot be too viſible, and ſinks " in the obſcurity of the ſhade what does not require " a full view; ſo that it may be ſaid that Homer is " the painter who beſt knew how to employ the ſhades " and lights. The ſecond compariſon is equally un- " juſt: How could Mr. Pope ſay, " that one can only " diſcover ſeeds, and the firſt productions of every " kind in the Iliad?" Every beauty is there to ſuch " an amazing perfection, that the following ages could

" add

"add nothing to thoſe of any kind; and the Ancients "have always propoſed Homer as the moſt perfect "model in every kind of poetry.

"The third compariſon is compoſed of the errors "of the two former. Homer had certainly an incom- "parable fertility of invention, but his fertility is "always checked by that juſt ſenſe which made him "reject every ſuperfluous thing which his vaſt ima- "gination could offer, and to retain only what was "neceſſary and uſeful. Judgment guided the hand "of this admirable gardener, and was the prun- "ing-hook he employed to lop off every uſeleſs "branch."

Thus far Madam Dacier differs in her opinion from Mr. Pope concerning Homer; but theſe remarks, which we have juſt quoted, partake not at all of the nature of criticiſm; they are mere aſſertion. Pope had declared Homer to abound with irregular beauties. Dacier has contradicted him, and aſſerted, that all his beauties are regular; but no reaſon is aſſigned by either of theſe mighty geniuſes in ſupport of their opinions, and the reader is left in the dark as to the real truth. If he is to be guided by the authority of a name only, no doubt the argument will preponderate in favour of our countryman. The French lady then proceeds to anſwer ſome obſervations which Mr. Pope made upon her Remarks on the Iliad, which ſhe performs with a warmth that generally attends writers of her ſex. Mr. Pope, however, paid more regard to this fair antagoniſt than any other critic upon his works. He confeſſed that he had received great helps from her, and only thought ſhe had (through a prodigious and almoſt ſuperſtitious fondneſs for Homer) endeavoured to make him appear without any fault or weakneſs, and ſtamp a perfection on his works which is no where to be found. Here wrote her a very obliging letter, in which he confeſſed himſelf exceedingly ſorry that he ever ſhould have

have diſpleaſed ſo excellent a wit; and ſhe, on the other hand, with a goodneſs and frankneſs peculiar to her, proteſted to forgive it; ſo that there remained no animoſities between thoſe two great admirers and tranſlators of Homer.

Mr. Pope, by his ſucceſsful tranſlation of the Iliad, as we have before remarked, drew upon him the envy and raillery of a whole tribe of writers. Though he did not eſteem any particular man amongſt his enemies of conſequence enough to provoke an anſwer, yet, when they were conſidered collectively, they offered excellent materials for a general ſatire. This ſatire he planned and executed with ſo extraordinary a maſtery, that it is by far the moſt complete poem of our Author's; it is intitled the Dunciad, and diſcovers more invention, and a higher effort of genius, than any other production of his. The hint was taken from Mr. Dryden's Mac Flecknoe; but as it is more general, ſo it is more pleaſing.

The Dunciad has been ſo univerſally read, that we reckon it ſuperfluous to give any further account of it here; and it would be an unpleaſing taſk to trace all the provocations and reſentments which were mutually diſcovered upon this occaſion. Mr. Pope was of opinion that, next to praiſing good writers, there was a merit in expoſing bad ones; though it does not hold infallibly true that each perſon ſtigmatized as a dunce was genuinely ſo. Something muſt be allowed to perſonal reſentment. Mr. Pope was a man of keen paſſions; he felt an injury ſtrongly, retained a long remembrance of it, and could very pungently repay it. Some of the gentlemen, however, who had been more ſeverley laſhed than the reſt, meditated a revenge which redounds but little to their honour. They either intended to chaſtiſe him corporally, or gave it out that they had really done ſo, in order to bring ſhame upon Mr. Pope, which, if true, could only bring ſhame upon themſelves. The

The "Dunciad," in the complete edition, is addreſſed to Dr. Swift. Of the notes, part were written by Dr. Arbuthnot; and an apologetical Letter was prefixed, ſigned by Cleland, but ſuppoſed to have been written by Pope.

After this general war upon Dulneſs, he ſeems to have indulged himſelf awhile in tranquillity; but his ſubſequent productions prove that he was not idle. He publiſhed (1731) a poem on "Taſte," in which he very particularly and ſeverely criticiſes the houſe, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments, of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taſte. By Timon he was univerſally ſuppoſed, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addreſſed, was privately ſaid to mean the Duke of Chandos; a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and ſhow, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had conſequently the voice of the public in his favour.

A violent outcry was therefore raiſed againſt the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was ſaid to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a thouſand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of inſulting him by the kindneſs of his invitation.

The receipt of the thouſand pounds Pope publicly denied; but from the reproach which the attack on a character ſo amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of eſcaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an apology, by which no man was ſatisfied; and he was at laſt reduced to ſhelter his temerity behind diſſimulation, and endeavour to make that diſbelieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, which was anſwered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuſe without believing his profeſſions. He ſaid, that to have ridiculed his taſte, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal

kindneſs that had been exchanged between them, it had been leſs eaſily excuſed.

The following year deprived him of Gay, a man whom he had known early, and whom he ſeemed to love with more tenderneſs than any other of his literary friends. Pope was now forty-four years old; an age at which the mind begins leſs eaſily to admit new confidence, and the will to grow leſs flexible, and when therefore the departure of an old friend is very acutely felt.

In the next year he loſt his mother, not by an unexpected death, for ſhe had laſted to the age of ninety-three; but ſhe did not die unlamented. The filial piety of Pope was in the higheſt degree amiable and exemplary; his parents had the happineſs of living till he was at the ſummit of poetical reputation, till he was at eaſe in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his reſpect or tenderneſs. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its ſoothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than ſuch a ſon.

In 1733 he publiſhed the firſt part of the "Eſſay "on Man." This poem had a form and title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform; ſome thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. While the author was unknown, ſome, as will always happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and ſome cenſured him as an intruder; but all thought him above neglect; the ſale increaſed, and editions were multiplied. The ſecond and third parts were ſoon after publiſhed; and, in 1734, the fourth; when Pope avowed himſelf the author, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

About this time Warburton began to make his appearance in the firſt ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, ſupplied by inceſſant and unlimited enquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which

yet had not oppreſſed his imagination, nor clouded his perſpicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the ſcholar, the reaſoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his purſuits too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him an haughty confidence, which he diſdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of oppoſition diſpoſed him to treat his adverſaries with ſuch contemptuous ſuperiority as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited againſt the advocate the wiſhes of ſome who favoured the cauſe. He ſeems to have adopted the Roman Emperor's determination, *oderint dum metuant:* he uſed no allurements of gentle languge, but wiſhed to compel rather than perſuade.

His ſtyle is copious without ſelection, and forcible without neatneſs; he took the words that preſented themſelves: his diction is coarſe and impure, and his ſentences are unmeaſured.

He had, in the early part of his life, pleaſed himſelf with the notice of inferior wits, and correſponded with the enemies of Pope. A Letter was produced, when he had perhaps himſelf forgotten it, in which he tells Concanen, "Dryden I obſerve borrows for want of "leaſure, and Pope for want of genius: Milton out of "pride, and Addiſon out of modeſty." And when Theobald publiſhed "Shakeſpeare," in oppoſition to Pope, the beſt notes were ſupplied by Warburton.

But the time was now come when Warburton was to change his opinion; and Pope was to find a defender in him who had contributed ſo much to the exaltation of his rival.

The arrogance of Warburton excited againſt him every artifice of offence, and therefore it may be ſuppoſed that his union with Pope was cenſured as hypocritical inconſtancy; but ſurely to think differently, at different times, of poetical merit, may be eaſily al-

lowed. Such opinions are often admitted, and diſmiſſed, without nice examination. Who is there that has not found reaſon for changing his mind about queſtions of greater importance?

Warburton, whatever was his motive, from month to month, continued a vindication of the "Eſſay on "Man," in the literary journal of that time, called "The Republick of Letters."

From this time Pope lived in the cloſeſt intimacy with Warburton, and amply rewarded his kindneſs and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, by whoſe intereſt he became preacher at Lincoln's-Inn, and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his eſtate, and by conſequence a biſhoprick. When he died, he left him the property of his works; a legacy which may be reaſonably eſtimated at four thouſand pounds.

Pope lived at this time *among the Great*, with that reception and reſpect to which his works entitled him, and which he had not impaired by any private miſconduct or factious partiality.

He publiſhed from time to time (between 1730 and 1740) Imitations of different Poems of Horace, generally with his name, and once as was ſuſpected without it.

This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiariſed, by adapting their ſentiments to modern topics, by making Horace ſay of Shakſpeare what he originally ſaid of Ennius, and accommodating his ſatires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was firſt practiſed in the reign of Charles the Second by Oldham and Rocheſter. It is a kind of middle compoſition between tranſlation and original deſign, which pleaſes when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable, and the parallels lucky. It ſeems to have been Pope's favourite amuſement; for he has carried it further than any former poet.

His

His laſt Satires, of the general kind, were two Dialogues, named, from the year in which they were publiſhed, "Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight." In theſe poems many are praiſed, and many are reproached. Pope was then entangled in the oppoſition; a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his houſe, and the friend of many who obſtructed and cenſured the conduct of the Miniſters. His political partiality was too plainly ſhewn: he forgot the prudence with which he paſſed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending, thro' much more violent conflicts of faction.

Pope now added, at Warburton's requeſt, another book to the "Dunciad," of which the deſign is to ridicule ſuch ſtudies as are either hopeleſs or uſeleſs, as either purſue what is unattainable, or what, if it be attained, is of no uſe.

When this book was printed (1742) the laurel had been for ſome time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be ſuppoſed that Pope could regard with much kindneſs or eſteem, though in one of the imitations of Horace he has liberally enough praiſed the "Careleſs Huſband." In the "Dunciad," among other worthleſs ſcribblers, he had mentioned Cibber; who, in his "Apology," complains of the great poet's unkindneſs as more injurious, "becauſe," ſays he, "I have never offended him."

It might have been expected that Pope ſhould have been, in ſome degree, mollified by this ſubmiſſive gentleneſs, but no ſuch conſequence appeared. Though he condeſcended to commend Cibber once, he mentioned him afterwards contemptuouſly in one of his ſatires, and again in his epiſtle to Arbuthnot; and in the fourth book of the "Dunciad," attacked him with acrimony, to which the provocation is not eaſily diſcoverable. Perhaps he imagined that, in ridiculing the Laureat, he ſatiriſed thoſe by whom the laurel had been given, and gratified that ambitious petulance with which he affected to inſult the great.

The ſeverity of this ſatire left Cibber no longer any patience. He had confidence enough in his own powers to believe that he could diſturb the quiet of his adverſary, and doubtleſs did not want inſtigators, who, without any care about the victory, deſired to amuſe themſelves by looking on the conteſt. He therefore gave the town a pamphlet, in which he declares his reſolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it, and to tire out his adverſary by perſeverance, if he cannot conquer him by ſtrength.

The inceſſant and unappeaſable malignity of Pope he imputes to a very diſtant cauſe. After the "Three "Hours after Marriage" had been driven off the ſtage, by the offence which the mummy and crocodile gave the audience, while the exploded ſcene was yet freſh in memory, it happened that Cibber played Bayes in the Rehearſal; and, as it had been uſual to enliven the part by the mention of any recent theatrical tranſactions, he ſaid, that he once thought to have introduced his lovers diſguiſed in a Mummy and a Crocodile. "This," ſays he, "was received with loud claps, "which indicated contempt of the play." Pope, who was behind the ſcenes, meeting him as he left the ſtage, attacked him, as he ſays, with all the virulence of a "Wit out of his ſenſes;" to which he replied, "that "he would take no other notice of what was ſaid by "ſo particular a man than to declare, that, as often as "he played that part, he would repeat the ſame pro-"vocation."

Of all our Poet's writings none were read with more general approbation than his Ethic Epiſtles, or multiplied into more editions. Mr. Pope, who was a perfect economiſt, ſecured to himſelf the profits ariſing from his own works; he was never ſubjected to neceſſity, and therefore was not to be impoſed upon by the art or fraud of publiſhers.

But now approaches the period in which, as he himſelf expreſſed it, he ſtood in need of the generous tear he paid:

Pocts

Poets themſelves muſt fall like thoſe they ſung;
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays.

Mr. Pope, who had been always ſubjected to a variety of bodily infirmities, finding his ſtrength give way, began to think that his days, which had been prolonged paſt his expectation, were drawing towards a concluſion. However, he viſited the Hot-Wells at Briſtol, where, for ſome time, there were ſmall hopes of his recovery; but making too free with purges, he grew worſe, and ſeemed deſirous to draw nearer home. A dropſy in the breaſt at laſt put a period to his life at the age of fifty-ſix, on the 30th of May 1744, at his houſe at Twickenham, where he was interred in the ſame grave with his father and mother.

Mr. Popes's behaviour in his laſt illneſs has been variouſly repreſented to the world; ſome have affirmed that it was timid and peeviſh; that, having been fixed in no particular ſyſtem of faith, his mind was wavering, and his temper broken and diſturbed. Others have aſſerted that he was all chearfulneſs and reſignation to the Divine will. Which of theſe opinions is true we cannot now determine; but if the former, it muſt be regretted that he who had taught philoſophy to others, ſhould himſelf be deſtitute of its aſſiſtance in the moſt critical moments of his life.

The bulk of his fortune he bequeathed to Mrs. Blount, with whom he lived in the ſtricteſt friendſhip, and for whom he is ſaid to have entertained the warmeſt affection. His works, which are in the hands of every perſon of true taſte, and will laſt as long as our language will be underſtood, render unneceſſary all further remarks on his writings. He was equally admired for the dignity and ſublimity of his moral and philoſophical works, the vivacity of his ſatirical, the clearneſs and propriety of his didactic, the richneſs and variety of his deſcriptive, and the elegance of all, added to a harmony of verſification, and correctneſs of ſentiment and language, unknown to our

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former poets, and of which he has ſet an example, which will be an example or a reproach to his ſucceſſors. His proſe ſtyle is as perfect in its kind as his poetic, and has all the beauties proper for it, joined to an uncommon force and perſpicuity.

Under the profeſſion of the Roman Catholic religion, to which he adhered to the laſt, he maintained all the moderation and charity becoming the moſt thorough and conſiſtent Proteſtant. His converſation was natural, eaſy, and agreeable, without any affectation of diſplaying his wit, or obtruding his own judgment, even upon ſubjects of which he was ſo eminently a maſter.

The moral character of our Author, as it did not eſcape the laſh of his calumniators in his life, ſo have there been attempts ſince his death to diminiſh his reputation. Lord Bolingbroke, whom Mr. Pope eſteemed to almoſt an enthuſiaſtic degree of admiration, was the firſt to make this attack. Not many years ago the public were entertained with this controverſy, immediately upon the publication of his Lordſhip's Letters on the Spirit of Patriotiſm, and the Idea of a Patriot King. Different opinions have been offered; ſome to extenuate the fault of Mr. Pope for printing and mutilating theſe letters without his Lordſhip's knowlege; others to blame him for it as the higheſt breach of friendſhip, and the greateſt mark of diſhonour: but it would exceed our propoſed bounds to enter into the merits of this controverſy.

This great man is allowed to have been one of the firſt rank amongſt the poets of our nation, and to acknowledge the ſuperiority of none but Shakeſpeare, Milton, and Dryden. With the two former it is unnatural to compare him, as their province in writing is ſo very different. Pope has never attempted the drama, nor publiſhed an epic poem, in which theſe two diſtinguiſhed geniuſes have ſo wonderfully ſucceeded. Though Pope's genius was great, it was yet

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of ſo different a caſt from Shakeſpeare's and Milton's, that no compariſon can be juſtly formed. But if this may be ſaid of the former two, it will by no means hold with reſpect to the latter; for between him and Dryden there is a great ſimilarity of writing, and a very ſtriking coincidence of genius. It will not, perhaps, be unpleaſing to our readers if we purſue this compariſon, and endeavour to diſcover to whom the ſuperiority is juſtly to be attributed, and to which of them poetry owes the higheſt obligations.

When Dryden came into the world he found poetry in a very imperfect ſtate; its numbers were unpoliſhed, its cadences rough, and there was nothing of harmony or melliſluence to give it a graceful flow. In this harſh, unmuſical ſituation Dryden found it, (for the refinements of Waller were but puerile and unſubſtantial:) he poliſhed the rough diamond, he taught it to ſhine, and connected beauty, elegance, and ſtrength, in all his poetical compoſitions. Though Dryden thus poliſhed our Engliſh numbers, and thus harmonized verſification, it cannot be ſaid that he carried his art to perfection. Much was yet left undone; his lines, with all their ſmoothneſs, were often rambling, and expletives were frequently introduced to complete his meaſures. It is apparent, therefore, that an additional harmony might ſtill be given to our numbers, and that cadences were yet capable of a more muſical modulation. To effect this purpoſe Mr. Pope aroſe, who with an ear elegantly delicate, and the advantage of the fineſt genius, ſo harmonized the Engliſh numbers, as to make them completely muſical. His numbers are likewiſe ſo minutely correct, that it would be difficult to conceive how any of his lines can be altered to advantage. He has created a kind of mechanical verſification; every line is alike; and though they are ſweetly muſical, they want diverſity; for he has not ſtudied ſo great a variety of pauſes, and where the accents may be

be laid gracefully. The ſtructure of his verſe is the beſt, and a line of his is more muſical than any other line can be made by placing the accents elſewhere; but we are not quite certain whether the ear is not apt to be ſoon cloyed with this uniformity of elegance, this ſameneſs of harmony. It muſt be acknowledged, however, that he has much improved upon Dryden in the article of verſification, and in that part of poetry is greatly his ſuperior. But though this muſt be acknowledged, perhaps it will not neceſſarily follow that his genius was, therefore, ſuperior.

The grand characteriſtic of a poet is his invention, the ſureſt diſtinction of a great genius. In Mr. Pope nothing is ſo truly original as his Rape of the Lock, nor diſcovers ſo much invention. In this kind of mock-heroic he is without a rival in our language, for Dryden has written nothing of the kind. His other work which diſcovers invention, fine deſigning, and admirable execution, is his Dunciad: which, though built on Dryden's Mac Flecknce, is yet ſo much ſuperior, that, in ſatiric writing, the palm muſt juſtly be yielded to him. In Mr. Dryden's Abſalom and Ahithopel there are, indeed, the moſt poignant ſtrokes of ſatire, and characters drawn with the moſt maſterly touches; but this poem, with all its excellencies, is much inferior to the Dunciad, though Dryden had advantages which Mr. Pope had not; for Dryden's characters are men of great eminence and figure in the ſtate, while Pope has to expoſe men of obſcure birth and unimportant lives, only diſtinguiſhed from the herd of mankind by a glimmering of genius, which rendered the greateſt part of them more emphatically contemptible. Pope's was the hardeſt taſk, and he has executed it with the greateſt ſucceſs. As Mr. Dryden muſt undoubtedly have yielded to Pope in ſatiric writing, it is incumbent on the partizans of Dryden to name another ſpecies of compoſition in which the former excels ſo as to throw the balance

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again upon the ſide of Dryden. This ſpecies is the Lyric, in which the warmeſt votaries of Pope muſt certainly acknowledge that he is much inferior: as an irreſiſtible proof of this we need only compare Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day with Mr. Pope's, in which the diſparity is very apparent.

It hath been generally acknowledged that the Lyric is a more excellent kind of writing than the Satiric, and, conſequently, he who excels in the moſt excellent ſpecies muſt undoubtedly be eſteemed the greateſt poet. Mr. Pope has very happily ſucceeded in many of his occaſional pieces, ſuch as Eloiſa to Abelard, his Elegy on an unfortunate young Lady, and a variety of other performances, deſervedly celebrated. To theſe may be oppoſed Mr. Dryden's Fables, which, though written in a very advanced age, are yet the moſt perfect of his works. In theſe Fables there is, perhaps, a greater variety than in Mr. Pope's occaſional pieces: many of them, indeed, are tranſlations, but ſuch as are original ſhow a great extent of invention, and a large compaſs of genius.

There are not in Pope's works ſuch poignant diſcoveries of wit, or ſuch a general knowledge of the humours and characters of men, as in the Prologues and Epilogues of Dryden, which are the beſt records of the whims and capricious oddities of the times in which they are written.

When theſe two great geniuſes are conſidered in the light of tranſlators, it will, indeed, be difficult to determine into whoſe ſcale the balance ſhould be thrown. That Mr. Pope had a more arduous province in doing juſtice to Homer, than Dryden with regard to Virgil, is certainly true; as Homer is a more various and diffuſe poet than Virgil; and it is likewiſe true, that Pope has even exceeded Dryden in the execution, and none will deny that Pope's Homer's Iliad is a finer poem than Dryden's Æneid of Virgil, making a proper allowance for the diſproportion of

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the original authors. But then a candid critic ſhould reflect, that as Dryden was prior in the great attempt of rendering Virgil into Engliſh, ſo did he perform the taſk under many diſadvantages which Pope, by a happier ſituation in life, was enabled to avoid; and could not but improve upon Dryden's errors, though the authors tranſlated were not the ſame: and it is much to be doubted if Dryden were to tranſlate the Æneid now, with that attention which the correctneſs of the preſent age would force upon him, whether the preference would be due to Pope's Homer.

But ſuppoſing it to be yielded (as it certainly muſt) that the latter bard was the greateſt tranſlator, we are now to throw into Mr. Dryden's ſcale all his dramatic works; which, though not the moſt excellent of his writings, yet, as nothing of Mr. Pope's can be oppoſed to them, they have an undoubted right to turn the balance greatly in favour of Mr. Dryden.—— When the two poets are conſidered as critics, the compariſon will very imperfectly hold. Dryden's Dedications and Prefaces, beſides that they are more numerous, and are the beſt models for courtly panegyric, ſhow that he underſtood poetry as an art beyond any man that ever lived; and he explained this art ſo well, that he taught his antagoniſts to turn the tables againſt himſelf: for he ſo illuminated the mind by his clear and perſpicuous reaſoning, that dulneſs itſelf became capable of diſcerning; and when at any time his performances fell ſhort of his own ideas of excellence, his enemies tried him by rules of his own eſtabliſhing; and though they owed to him the ability of judging, they ſeldom had candour enough to ſpare him.

Perhaps it may be true, that Pope's works are read with more appetite, as there is a greater evenneſs and correctneſs in them; but in peruſing the works of Dryden, the mind will take a wider range, and be more fraught with poetical ideas. We admire Dryden as the greater genius, and Pope as the moſt pleaſing verſifier. *Cibber's Lives.*

PREFACE.

I Am inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreaſonable in their expectations. The firſt ſeem to fancy the world muſt approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to pleaſe them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand no ſingle man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the reſt, ſo, on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular perſon ſhould be ſacrificed to its entertainment: therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame or pleaſure as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man, and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted by the judgment commonly paſſed upon poems. A critic ſuppoſes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expreſſion, or erred in any particular point; and can it then be wondered at if the poets in general ſeem reſolved not to own themſelves in any error? for as long as one ſide will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments*.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both ſides is ill-placed, poetry and criticiſm being by no means the univerſal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their cloſets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet ſure, upon the whole, a bad author deſerves better uſage than a bad critic; for a writer's endeavour, for the moſt part, is to pleaſe his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but ſuch a critic's is to put them out of humour; a deſign he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

* In the former editions it was thus.—"For as long as one ſide deſpiſes a "well-meant endeavour, the other will not be ſatisfied with a moderate ap"probation;"—but the Author altered it, as theſe words were rather a conſequence from the concluſion he would draw, than the concluſion itſelf, which he has now inſerted.

I think a good deal may be ſaid to extenuate the faults of bad poets. What we call a Genius is hard to be diſtinguiſhed by a man himſelf from a ſtrong inclination; and if his genius be ever ſo great, he cannot at firſt diſcover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propenſity which renders him the more liable to be miſtaken. The only method he has is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others. Now, if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worſt authors might, in their endeavour to pleaſe us, deſerve ſomething at our hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with them but for their obſtinacy in perſiſting to write; and this, too, may admit of alleviating circumſtances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or inſincere; and the reſt of the world in general is too well-bred to ſhock them with a truth which generally their bookſellers are the firſt that inform them of. This happens not till they have ſpent too much of their time to apply to any profeſſion which might better fit their talents, and till ſuch talents as they have are ſo far diſcredited as to be but of ſmall ſervice to them. For (what is the hardeſt caſe imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the firſt ſteps he makes in the world; and people will eſtabliſh their opinion of us from what we do at that ſeaſon when we have leaſt judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no ſooner communicates his works with the ſame deſire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature, given up to the ambition of fame, when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may pleaſe the world, he fails under very unlucky circumſtances; for, from the moment he prints, he muſt expect to hear no more truth than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good ſenſe (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of ſenſe) his living

thus in a courſe of flattery may put him in no ſmall danger of becoming a coxcomb; if he has, he will, conſequently, have ſo much diffidence as not to reap any great ſatisfaction from his praiſe; ſince, if it be given to his face, it can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from flattery; and if in his abſence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he ſure to be commended by the beſt and moſt knowing, he is as ſure of being envied by the worſt and moſt ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine faſhion, all thoſe are diſpleaſed at it who are not able to follow it; and it is to be feared that eſteem will ſeldom do any man ſo much good as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third claſs of people, who make the largeſt part of mankind, thoſe of ordinary or indifferent capacities, and theſe, to a man, will hate or ſuſpect him; a hundred honeſt gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a ſatiriſt. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he muſt give up all the reaſonable aims of life for it. There are indeed ſome advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of; the agreeable power of ſelf-amuſement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the beſt company; and the freedom of ſaying as many careleſs things as other people, without being ſo ſeverely remarked upon.

I believe if any one, early in his life, ſhould contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would ſcarce be of their number on any conſideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the preſent ſpirit of the learned world is ſuch, that to attempt to ſerve it, any way, one muſt have the conſtancy of a martyr, and a reſolution to ſuffer for its ſake. I could wiſh people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much leſs concerned about fame than I durſt declare till this occaſion, when, methinks, I ſhould find more credit than I could heretofore, ſince my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepoſſeſſing the

reader in their favour. I would plead it as ſome merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for theſe trifles by prefaces, biaſſed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reaſons and pretences, or troubled with excuſes. I confeſs it was want of conſideration that made me an author: I writ, becauſe it amuſed me; I corrected, becauſe it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write; and I publiſhed, becauſe I was told I might pleaſe ſuch as it was a credit to pleaſe. To what degree I have done this I am really ignorant: I had too much fondneſs for my productions to judge of them at firſt, and too much judgment to be pleaſed with them at laſt; but I have reaſon to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deſerves to do ſo; for they have always fallen ſhort, not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one ſhould imagine I am not in earneſt, I deſire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to ſay the leaſt of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They conſtantly applied themſelves not only to that art, but to that ſingle branch of an art to which their talent was moſt powerfully bent; and it was the buſineſs of their lives to correct and finiſh their works for poſterity. If we can pretend to have uſed the ſame induſtry, let us expect the ſame immortality: though, if we took the ſame care, we ſhould ſtill lie under a further misfortune; they writ in languages that became univerſal and everlaſting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmoſt we can hope is but to be read in one iſland, and to be thrown aſide at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true that, in every age, the higheſt character for ſenſe and learning has been obtained by thoſe who have been

moſt

moſt indebted to them. For, to ſay truth, whatever is very good ſenſe, muſt have been common ſenſe in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the ſenſe of our predeceſſors. Therefore they who ſay our thoughts are not our own, becauſe they reſemble the Ancients, may as well ſay our faces are not our own, becauſe they are like our fathers: and indeed it is very unreaſonable that people ſhould expect us to be ſcholars, and yet be angry to find us ſo.

I fairly confeſs that I have ſerved myſelf all I could by reading; that I made uſe of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: but the true reaſon theſe pieces are not more correct, is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they and I have to live: one may be aſhamed to conſume half one's days in bringing ſenſe and rhime together; and what critic can be ſo unreaſonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more ſerious employment, or more agreeable amuſement?

The only plea I ſhall uſe for the favour of the public is, that I have as great a reſpect for it as moſt authors have for themſelves; and that I have ſacrificed much of my own ſelf-love for its ſake, in preventing not only many mean things from ſeeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like thoſe authors who forgive themſelves ſome particular lines for the ſake of a whole poem, and, *vice verſa*, a whole poem for the ſake of ſome particular lines. I believe no one qualification is ſo likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it muſt be this, if any thing, that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have publiſhed I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned I deſerve to be praiſed. On this account the world is under ſome obligation to me, and owes me the juſtice, in return, to look upon no verſes as mine that are not inſerted in this Collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really ſo, but to avoid the imputation

putation of ſo many dull and immoral things as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been aſcribed to me. I muſt further acquit myſelf of the preſumption of having lent my name to recommend any miſcellanies or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a perſon who has hardly credit enough to anſwer for his own.

In this office of collecting my Pieces, I am altogether uncertain whether to look upon myſelf as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time ſhall make it the former, may theſe poems, as long as they laſt, remain as a teſtimony that their Author never made his talents ſubſervient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or ſelf-intereſt; the gratification of public prejudices or private paſſions; the flattery of the undeſerving, or the inſult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be conſidered that it is what no man can do without good ſenſe, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquiſition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this Publication be only a more ſolemn funeral of my remains, I deſire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my ſenſes; without any murmurs againſt the juſtice of this age, or any mad appeals to poſterity. I declare I ſhall think the world in the right, and quietly ſubmit to every truth which time ſhall diſcover to the prejudice of theſe Writings; not ſo much as wiſhing ſo irrational a thing as that every body ſhould be deceived merely for my credit. However, I deſire it may then be conſidered, that there are very few things in this Collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; ſo that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a caſe of compaſſion; that I never was ſo concerned about my Works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itſelf, and what was bad could never be defended; that

I uſed

I uſed no artifice to raiſe or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjuſt praiſe, inſulted no adverſary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports againſt his morals. To conclude, if this volume periſh, let it ſerve as a warning to the critics not to take too much pains for the future to deſtroy ſuch things as will die of themſelves; and a *memento mori* to ſome of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

Variations in the Author's Manuſcript Preface.

AFTER page 48. l. 21. it followed thus—For my part, I confeſs, had I ſeen things in this view at firſt, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am ſenſible how difficult it is to ſpeak of one's ſelf with decency; but when a man muſt ſpeak of himſelf, the beſt way is to ſpeak truth of himſelf, or he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confeſſion of all my thoughts of my own poetry, reſolving with the ſame freedom to expoſe myſelf as it is in the power of any other to expoſe them. In the firſt place, I thank God and Nature that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly uſed, to make the whole courſe of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet uſque (minus via lædet.)* It is a vaſt happineſs to poſſeſs the pleaſures of the head, the only pleaſures in which a man is ſufficient to himſelf, and the only part of him which, to his ſatisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muſes are *amicæ omnium horarum*; and, like our gay acquaintance, the beſt company in the world as long

long as one expects no real ſervice from them. I confeſs there was a time when I was in love with myſelf, and my firſt productions were the children of Self-love upon Innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes in Europe, and thought myſelf the greateſt genius that ever was. I can't but regret thoſe delightful viſions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we ſee when our eyes are ſhut, are vaniſhed for ever. Many trials, and ſad experience, have ſo undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loſs at what rate to value myſelf. As for fame, I ſhall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miſs; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myſelf, or even from wiſhing thoſe hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The ſenſe of my faults made me correct; beſides that it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 50. l. 25. In the firſt place, I own that I have uſed my beſt endeavours to the finiſhing theſe pieces; that I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies; and that I expect no favour on account of my youth, buſineſs, want of health, or any ſuch idle excuſes. But the true reaſon they are not yet more correct, is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but ſixty years, may be aſhamed to employ thirty in meaſuring ſyllables, and bringing ſenſe and rhime together. We ſpend our youth in purſuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the wits will pardon me if I reſerve ſome of my time to ſave my ſoul; and that ſome wiſe men will be of my opinion, even if I ſhould think a part of it better ſpent in the enjoyments of life than in pleaſing the critics.

ON

MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS,

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and bus'neſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what eaſe requir'd;
Too dully ſerious for the Muſe's ſport,
And from the critics ſafe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidſt advent'rous rovers of the pen;
And after ſo much undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatiric rhime;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and e'en Homer blam'd!
But to this genius, join'd with ſo much art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wonderful, ſublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good companion and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well natur'd deed,
Can all deſert in ſciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome mens' ways,
But a much greater to give merit praiſe.

TO MR. POPE, ON HIS PASTORALS.

IN theſe more dull, as more cenſorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praiſe,
A Muſe ſincere, that never flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendſhip and deſert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found
Art ſtrengthning Nature, ſenſe improv'd by ſound;
Unlike thoſe wits, whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong:
Laboriouſly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:

Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull:
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmootheſt ſpeech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft are empty ſound:
But wit and judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care, and unaffected eaſe,
With proper thoughts and lively images.
Such as by Nature to the Ancients ſhewn,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's faſhions to be follow'd are,
Altho' diſgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some in a poliſh'd ſtyle write Paſtoral;
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the Mall.
Like ſome fair ſhepherdeſs, the ſylvan Muſe
Should wear thoſe flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true meaſure of the ſhepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
Yet muſt his pure aud unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwain's be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the players dreſs
In ſilks the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural Muſe appears to juſtify
The long loſt graces of ſimplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With virgin charms and native excellence.
Yet long her modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd,
'Till by mens' envy to the world reveal'd;
For wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy what they muſt eſteem.
Live and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in plains delight:
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight:
So larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

W. Wycherley.

TO MR. POPE, ON HIS WINDSOR FOREST.

HAIL! ſacred Bard! a muſe unknown before
Salutes the from the bleak Atlantic ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhown,
And Windſor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Perſia glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And China's earth was caſt on common ſand:
Toſs'd up and down the gloſsy fragments lay,
And dreſs'd the rocky ſhelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treaſures next arriv'd; and now we boaſt
A nobler cargo on our barren coaſt:
From thy luxuriant Foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the Eaſt can give.
Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage!
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half ſo true the fair Lodona ſhows
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wond'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new Windſor in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs,
The living ſcene is in the Muſe's glaſs.
Nor ſweeter notes the echoing foreſts cheer,
When Philomela ſits and warbles there,
Than when you ſing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us harmony as well as ſhades:
A Titian's hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the muſic too.
With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in ev'ry line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns,
In dreary deſerts mix'd with painted plains!

And ſee! the deſerts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom;
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride.
Happy the man, who ſtrings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inſpire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys you ſing ſo well.
I in a cold and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhime,
Here on the Weſtern beach attempt to chime.
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and ſolitudes obſcene!
Snatch me, ye gods! from theſe Atlantic ſhores,
And ſhelter me in Windſor's fragrant bow'rs;
Or to my much-lov'd Iſis' walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
The awful dome, the grove's eternal green;
Where ſacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the claſſic ſtore,
And made that muſic which was noiſe before.
There with illuſtrious bards I ſpent my days,
Nor free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe,
Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
Nor envy'd Windſor in the ſoft abode.
The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They ſung, nor ſung in vain, with numbers fir'd,
That Maro taught, or Addiſon inſpir'd.
Ev'n I eſſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to ſing?
Rouz'd from theſe dreams by thy commanding ſtrain,
I riſe and wander through the field or plain;
Led by the Muſe, from ſport to ſport I run;
Mark the ſtretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I ſpy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring pheaſant ly!

His

His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather ſhines and varies there.
Nor can I paſs the gen'rous courſer by,
But while the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
He ſtarts, he's gone! and now I ſee him fly
O'er hills and dales; and now I loſe the courſe,
Nor can the rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.
Oh could thy Virgil from his orb look down,
He'd view a courſer that might match his own!
Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs ſtop me in the race.
Who can refuſe Lodona's melting tale?
The ſoft complaint ſhall over time prevail;
The tale be told, when ſhades forſake her ſhore;
The nymph be ſung, when ſhe can flow no more.
Nor ſhall thy ſong, old Thames! forbear to ſhine,
At once the ſubject and the ſong divine.
Peace, ſung by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n Britons more
Than all their ſhouts for victory before.
Oh! could Britannia imitate thy ſtream,
The world ſhould tremble at her awful name:
From various ſprings divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while;
At once they murmur, and enrich the iſle:
A while diſtinct through many channels run,
But meet at laſt, and ſweetly flow in one;
There joy to loſe their long diſtinguiſh'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

Fr. Knapp.

TO MR. POPE.

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on Homer.

WHEN Phœbus and the Nine harmonous Maids
Of old aſſembled in the Theſpian ſhades;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit theſe harps to ſound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; "Your loftieſt notes employ,
"To ſing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy."
The wond'rous ſong with rapture they rehearſe;
Then aſk who wrought that miracle of verſe?

He anſwer'd with a frown; " I now reveal
" A truth that Envy bids me not conceal.
" Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
" I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
" Which, unobſerv'd, a wand'ring Greek and blind,
" Heard me repeat, and treaſur'd in his mind;
" And, fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
" From me, the God of Wit, uſurp'd the bays.
" But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
" Proud with celeſtial ſpoils to grace her name;
" Yet when my arts ſhall triumph in the Weſt,
" And the white iſle with female power is bleſt;
" Fame, I foreſee, will make repriſals there,
" and the tranſlator's palm to me transfer.
" with leſs regret my claim I now decline,
" The world will think his *Engliſh Iliad* mine."

E. Fenton.

TO MR. POPE.

To praiſe, and ſtill with juſt reſpect to praiſe
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to ſhow, the ſenſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the friend;
What life, what vigour, muſt the lines require!
What muſic tune them, what affection fire!
O might thy genius in my boſom ſhine,
Thou ſhouldſt not fail of numbers worthy thine;
The brighteſt Ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the dame
Whom Windſor Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream;
On ſilver feet, with annual oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by the Muſe the envy of the fair!
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Egypt's princeſs wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly trifles ſet the world at odds;
Belles war with beaus, and whims deſcend for gods.

The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The ſylphs and gnomes are but a woman's heart.
The graces ſtand in ſight; a ſatyr-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the ſcene.
In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldeſt wits,
Inſhrin'd on high, the ſacred Virgil ſits;
And ſits in meaſures ſuch as Virgil's muſe
To place thee near him might be fond to chuſe:
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee!
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt the prize!
Rapt with the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.
Indulgent nurſe of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy poplars whiſper o'er my head:
Still ſlide thy waters, ſoft among the trees
Thy aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye vallies, in eternal ſpring,
Be huſh'd ye winds, while Pope and Virgil ſing.
In Engliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He ſhines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
In all the majeſty of Greek retir'd;
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recals the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When chok'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And Shepherds only ſay, "The mines were here;"
Should ſome rich youth (if Nature warm his heart,
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)

Here

Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein,
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How ev'ry muſic varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
While Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle, bleſt,
And Philomela ſweeteſt, o'er the reſt:
The ſhades reſound with ſong---O ſoftly tread,
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.
This to my friend---and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires,
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound;
For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning---very far from thee.
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naïads ever ſleep in mud:
Yet here content can dwell, and learned eaſe,
A friend delight me, and an author pleaſe;
Ev'n here I ſing, when Pope ſupplies the theme;
Show my own love, though not increaſe his fame.

T. Parnell.

TO MR. POPE.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles, to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals, ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which worth alone can raiſe;
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:

Nor,

Nor, till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together in the world's laſt fires,
What Heav'n created, and what Heav'n inſpires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead,
Shakeſpeare rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought:
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote:
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recals from ev'ry part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art:
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.
How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and, taught by Heav'n to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores,
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or, ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant god who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;

And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink without groveling, without raſhneſs riſe.
Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring;
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
How long that hero *, by unſkilful hands,
Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior loſt:
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head,
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold:
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a god he moves.
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—for thy friendſhip's fame.
This labour paſt, of heav'nly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing,
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or, nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend;
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men, more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. Broome.

TO MR. POPE.

On the publiſhing his Works.

He comes, he comes! bid ev'ry bard prepare
The ſong of triumph, and attend his car.

Great

* Odyſſey, lib. 16.

Great Sheffield's muſe the long proceſſion heads,
And throws a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads;
Firſt gives the palm ſhe fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and ſhews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earneſt of a god.

But hark! what ſhouts, what gath'ring crowds re-joice!
Unſtain'd their praiſe by any venal voice,
Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
When proſtitutes or needy flatt'rers ſue.
And ſee the chief! before him laurels borne,
Trophies from undeſerving temples torn:
Here rage enchain'd reluctant raves; and there
Pale Envy dumb, and ſick'ning with deſpair,
Prone to the earth ſhe bends her loathing eye,
Weak to ſupport the blaze of majeſty.

But what are they that turn the ſacred page?
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age:
Intent they read, and all enamour'd ſeem,
As he that met his likeneſs in the ſtream:
The Graces theſe; and ſee how they contend,
Who moſt ſhall praiſe, who beſt ſhall recommend.

The chariot now the painful ſteep aſcends;
The pæans ceaſe; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple ſtands,
Its proſpect an unbounded view commands.
Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuſe,
What laurell'd arch for thy triumphant muſe?
Though each great Ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
Though ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud epic, down to thoſe that ſhade
The gentler brow of the ſoft Leſbian maid,)
Go to the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thy ſoul's delight, and glory of the fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies."

Simon Harcourt.

TO MR. POPE. *From Rome*, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preſerv'd, our drooping genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of ancient wit:
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt:
From tyrants, and from prieſts, the Muſes fly,
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty.
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincia rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where, cheer'd with ſummer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's inauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities deſert, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient ſpirit is decay'd,
That ſacred wiſdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the ſource of ſcience flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupply'd the world before.

Illuſtrious names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who thoſe chiefs ſublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;

Oft

Oft kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mould'ring ſtone,
With ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Then all the pomp of modern luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flow'rs I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form ariſe.
Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious hand has paid
Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this meſſage from his maſter bear:
"Great Bard, whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
To whom I give my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the throne of Wit,
Near me and Homer, thou aſpire to ſit,
No more let meaner ſatire dim thy rays,
That flow majeſtic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus ſtray,
But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſing way;
Nor, when each ſoft engaging Muſe is thine,
Addreſs the leaſt attractive of the Nine.
Of thee more worthy were the taſk to raiſe
A laſting column to thy country's praiſe;
To ſing the land which yet alone can boaſt
That liberty corrupted Rome has loſt;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beneath the olive's ſhrade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I ſtrung,
Such was the people whoſe exploits I ſung;
Brave yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
Dauntleſs oppoſers of tyrannic ſway,
But pleas'd a mild Auguſtus to obey.
If theſe commands ſubmiſſive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name ſhall live;
Envy to black Cocytus ſhall retire,
And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time ſhall conſecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praiſe."

PASTORALS;

WITH A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.*

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.]

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque, inglorius! *Virg.*

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any ſort of verſes than of thoſe which are called Paſtorals, nor a ſmaller, than of thoſe which are truly ſo. It therefore ſeems neceſſary to give ſome account of this kind of Poem; and it is my deſign to compriſe, in this ſhort paper, the ſubſtance of thoſe numerous diſſertations the critics have made on the ſubject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour: you will alſo find ſome points reconciled about which they ſeem to differ, and a few remarks which, I think, have eſcaped their obſervation.

The original of poetry is aſcribed to that age which ſucceeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks ſeems to have been the firſt employment of mankind, the moſt ancient ſort of poetry was probably Paſtoral †. It is natural to imagine, that the leiſure of thoſe ancient ſhepherds admitting and inviting ſome diverſion, none was ſo proper to that ſolitary and ſedentary life as ſinging; and that in their ſongs they took occaſion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an eſteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the preſent. And ſince the life of ſhepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets choſe to introduce their perſons, from whom it received the name of Paſtoral.

A Paſtoral is an imitation of the action of a ſhepperd, or one conſidered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both ‡; the fable is ſimple, the manners not too polite nor too ruſtic: the thoughts are plain, yet

* Written at ſixteen years of age. P.
† Fontenelle's Diſcourſe on Paſtorals. P.
‡ Heinſius in Theocr. P.

admit a little quickneſs and paſſion, but that ſhort and flowing: the expreſſion humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; eaſy, and yet lively. In ſhort, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expreſſions, are full of the greateſt ſimplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem conſiſts in ſimplicity †, brevity, and delicacy; the two firſt of which render an eclogue natural, and the laſt delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be uſeful to take this idea along with us, that Paſtoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age: ſo that we are not to deſcribe our ſhepherds as ſhepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the beſt of men followed the employment. To carry this reſemblance yet further, it would not be amiſs to give theſe ſhepherds ſome ſkill in aſtronomy, as far as it may be uſeful to that ſort of life: and and an air of piety to the gods ſhould ſhine through the poem, which ſo viſibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preſerve ſome reliſh of the old way of writing: the connection ſhould be looſe, the narrations and deſcriptions ſhort ‡, and the periods conciſe. Yet it is not ſufficient that the ſentences only be brief; the whole eclogue ſhould be ſo too: for we cannot ſuppoſe poetry in thoſe days to have been the buſineſs of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But, with a reſpect to the preſent age, nothing more conduces to make theſe compoſures natural, than when ſome knowledge in rural affairs is diſcovered §. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on deſign, and ſometimes is beſt ſhewn by inference; leſt, by too much ſtudy to ſeem natural, we deſtroy that eaſy ſimplicity from whence ariſes the delight. For what is inviting in this ſort of poetry proceeds not ſo much from the idea of that buſineſs, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We muſt therefore uſe ſome illuſion to render a paſtoral delightful; and this conſiſts in expoſing the beſt

† Rapin de Carm. Paſt. p. 2. P.
‡ Rapin, Reflex. ſur l' Art Poet. d' Ariſt. p. 2. Refl. xxvii. P.
§ Pref. to Virg. Paſt. in Dryd. Virg. P.

ſide only of a ſhepherd's life, and in concealing its miſeries*. Nor is it enough to introduce ſhepherds diſcourſing together in a natural way; but a regard muſt be had to the ſubject; that it contain ſome particular beauty in itſelf, and that it be different in every eclogue. Beſides, in each of them a deſigned ſcene or proſpect is to be preſented to our view, which ſhould likewiſe have its variety†. This variety is obtained, in a great degree, by frequent compariſons, drawn from the moſt agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digreſſions, but thoſe ſhort; ſometimes by inſiſting a little on circumſtances; and, laſtly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely ſweet and pleaſing. As for the numbers themſelves, tho' they are properly of the heroic meaſure, they ſhould be the ſmootheſt, the moſt eaſy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like theſe that we ought to judge of Paſtoral: and ſince the inſtructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they muſt of neceſſity be derived from thoſe in whom it is acknowledged ſo to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undiſputed authors of Paſtoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and ſimplicity. The ſubjects of his Idyllia are purely paſtoral; but he is not ſo exact in his perſons, having introduced reapers ‡ and fiſhermen as well as ſhepherds. He is apt to be too long in his deſcriptions, of which that of the Cup, in the Firſt Paſtoral, is a remarkable inſtance. In the manners he ſeems a little defective; for his ſwains are ſometimes abuſive and immodeſt, and perhaps too much inclining to ruſticity: for inſtance, in his Fourth and Fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a ſecret charm in it, which no other could ever attain. Virgil,

* Fontenelle's Diſc. of Paſtorals. P.

† See the forementioned Preface. P.

‡ ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi. P.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and, in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much ſuperior to his maſter. Though ſome of his ſubjects are not paſtoral in themſelves, but only ſeem to be ſuch, they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a ſtranger to †. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls ſhort of him in nothing but ſimplicity and propriety of ſtyle; the firſt of which, perhaps, was the fault of his age, and the laſt of his language.

Among the moderns their ſucceſs has been greateſt who have moſt endeavoured to make theſe ancients their pattern. The moſt conſiderable genius appears in the famous Taſſo and our Spencer. Taſſo, in his Aminta, has as far excelled all the paſtoral writers, as, in his Gieruſalemme, he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece ſeems to have been the original of a new ſort of poem, the Paſtoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot ſo well be conſidered as a copy of the Ancients. Spencer's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the moſt complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever ſince the time of Virgil ‡. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in ſome few points. His eclogues are ſomewhat too long, if we compare them with the Ancients: he is ſometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a paſtoral ſtyle, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric meaſure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His ſtanza is not ſtill the ſame, nor always well choſen. This laſt may be the reaſon his expreſſion is ſometimes not conciſe enough; for the Tetraſtic has obliged him to extend his ſenſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himſelf; though, notwithſtanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect; for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in

† Rapin Reſl. on Ariſt. part. ii. Reſl. xxvii---Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg. P. ——— ‡ Dedication to Virg. Ecl. P.

the time of Theocritus; it was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt perſons: whereas the old Engliſh and country phraſes of Spencer were either entirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the loweſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues is very beautiful; ſince by this, beſides the general moral of innocence and ſimplicity, which is common to other authors of Paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares human life to the ſeveral ſeaſons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous diviſion of his Paſtorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the ſame deſcription in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhauſted before, entirely to omit it: wence it comes to paſs that ſome of his Eclogues (as the Sixth, Eighth, and Tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to diſtinguiſh them. The reaſon is evident, becauſe the year has not that variety in it to furniſh every month with a particular deſcription, as it may every ſeaſon.

Of the following Eclogues I ſhall only ſay, that theſe four comprehend all the ſubjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for Paſtoral; that they have as much variety of deſcription, in reſpect of the ſeveral ſeaſons, as Spencer's: that, in order to add to this variety, the ſeveral times of the day are obſerved, the rural employments in each ſeaſon or time of day, and the rural ſcenes or places proper to ſuch employments; not without ſome regard to the ſeveral ages of man, and the different paſſions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to ſome good old authors, whoſe works, as I had leiſure to ſtudy, ſo, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING.

PASTORAL I.

OR,

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL.

FIRST in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains:
Fair Thames! flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muſes ſing;
Let vernal airs through trembling oſiers play,
And Albion's cliffs reſound the rural lay.
You that, too wiſe for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!
O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to reſt removes,
The thruſh may chant to the forſaken groves,
But charm'd to ſilence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all the aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks ſhook off the nightly dews,
Two ſwains, whom love kept wakeful, and the muſe,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair:
The dawn now bluſhing on the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.
Daph. Hear how the birds on every bloomy ſpray
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!
Why ſit we mute, when early linnets ſing,
When warbling philomel ſalutes the ſpring?
Why ſit we ſad, when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?
Streph. Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon' ſlow oxen turn the furrowed plain.

Here

Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.
I'll ſtake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.
Daph. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order ly!
Dam. Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing,
Now hawthorns bloſſom, now the daiſies ſpring;
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales ſhall ev'ry note rebound.
Streph. Inſpire me, Phœbus! in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays:
A milk-white bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,
That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.
Daph. O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or ſheep for victims I'll impart;
Thy victim, Love, ſhall be the ſhepherd's heart.
Streph. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.
Daph. The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!
Streph. O'er golden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bleſt Thames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties yield:
Feed here my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.
Daph. Celeſtial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windſor ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor ſhade. [ſhow'rs,
Streph. All nature mourns, the ſkies relent in
Huſh'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;

If

If Delia ſmile the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.
Daph. All Nature laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
The ſun's mild luſtre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd Nature ſeems to charm no more.
Streph In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove;
But Delia always; abſent from her ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.
Daph. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day:
Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here;
But bleſs'd with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.
Streph. Say, Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears,
A wond'rous tree, that ſacred Monarchs bears?
Tell me but this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
And give the conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.
Daph. Nay, tell me firſt, in what more happy fields
The thiſtle ſprings, to which the lily yields;
And then a nobler prize I will reſign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, ſhall be thine.
Dam. Ceaſe to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Bleſt ſwains, whoſe nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Bleſt nymphs, whoſe ſwains thoſe graces ſing ſo well!
Now riſe, and haſte to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A ſoft retreat from ſudden vernal ſhow'rs;
The turf with rural dainties ſhall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuſe their ſweets around.
For ſee! the gath'ring flocks to ſhelter tend,
And from the Pleïads fruitful ſhow'rs deſcend.

SUMMER.

PASTORAL II.

OR,

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring ſhade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
The Naïads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r.
Accept, O Garth, the Muſe's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the ſole diſeaſe thou canſt not cure.
Ye ſhady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I ſing,
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay;
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating ſheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.
Where ſtray ye, Muſes! in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?
In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the wat'ry glaſs;
But ſince thoſe graces pleaſe thy eyes no more,
I ſhun the fountains which I ſought before.

Once

Once I was ſkill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew:
Ah, wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces ſheer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death.
He ſaid, Alexis, take this pipe, the ſame
That taught the grove's my Roſalinda's name:
But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by ſome transforming power,
The captive bird that ſings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy liſt'ning ears employ,
And I thoſe kiſſes he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng;
Rough ſatyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong:
The nymphs, forſaking every cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again.
For you the ſwains the faireſt flow'rs deſign,
And in one garland all their beauties join:
Accept the wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.
See what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear!
Deſcending gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt-ſhade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſheering ſeek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent Love abides.
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew;
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.

Oh deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The moſſy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall croud into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wond'ring foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſt'ning in their fall!
But ſee, the ſhepherds ſhun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To cloſer ſhades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?
But ſoon the ſun with milder rays deſcends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he ſcorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN.

PASTORAL III.

OR,

HYLAS and ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the ſhade a ſpreading beech diſplays,
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan Nymphs, your ſacred ſuccour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.
Thou whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms;
Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the hearts of ſwains,
Their artleſs paſſions, and their tender pains.
Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle Gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As ſome ſad turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores,
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle Gales, and bear my ſighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their ſong;
For her, the limes their pleaſing ſhades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye Flow'rs that droop, forſaken by the ſpring;
Ye Birds that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing;
Ye Trees, that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cauſe my Delia's ſtay:
Fade ev'ry bloſſom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and periſh all but ſhe.
What have I ſaid? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let ſpring attend, and ſudden flow'rs ariſe!
Let op'ning roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle Gales, and bear my ſighs along!
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their ev'ning ſong,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not ſhow'rs to larks, or ſunſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.
Go, gentle Gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye Pow'rs, what pleaſing frenzy ſoothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now ceaſe my lay,
And ceaſe, ye Gales, to bear my ſighs away!
Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves admir'd:
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, leſs'ning as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies;
While lab'ring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat;
While curling ſmoaks from village-tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.
Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we paſs'd the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay.

Reſound,

Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
Now bluſhing berries paint the yellow grove:
Juſt Gods! ſhall all things yield returns but love?
Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mournful lay!
The ſhepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who loſt my heart while I preſerv'd my ſheep?
Pan came, and aſk'd, What magic caus'd my ſmart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but her's, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!
Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mournful ſtrains!
I'll fly from ſhepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains;
From ſhepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forſake mankind, and all the world,---but Love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tygers fed;
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye Woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff ſhall end my pains:
No more, ye Hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!
Thus ſung the ſhepherds till th' approach of night,
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light,
When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd ev'ry ſhade.

WINTER.

PASTORAL IV.

OR,

DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

Lycidas.

THYRSIS! the muſic of that murm'ring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.
Now ſleeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces ly,
The moon, ſerene in glory, mounts the ſky,
Whilſt ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh ſing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praiſe!

Thyr. Behold the groves that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis' ſtrain,
That call'd the liſt'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

Lyc. So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And ſaid, "Ye ſhepherds, ſing around my grave!"
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

Thyr. Ye gentle Muſes, leave your cryſtal ſpring;
Let nymphs and ſylvans cypreſs garlands bring:
Ye weeping Loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone:
"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore;
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done; and Nature's various charms decay;
See gloomy clouds obſcure the cheerful day!

Now

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories ly;
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah! what avail the beauties Nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood,
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own;
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the ſhore;
Now Daphne's dead, and pleaſure is no more!
No grateful dews deſcend from ev'ning ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs ariſe;
No rich perfumes refreſh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenſe yield.
The balmy zephyrs, ſilent ſince her death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath;
Th' induſtrious bees neglect their golden ſtore!
Fair Daphne's dead, and ſweetneſs is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne ſings,
Shall, liſt'ning in mid air, ſuſpend their wings;
No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
Or, huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays:
No more the ſtreams their murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal ſhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and muſic is no more!
Her fate is whiſper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in ſighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the ſilver flood;
The ſilver flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new paſſion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!
But ſee! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the ſtarry ſky!

Eternal beauties grace the ſhining ſcene,
Fields ever freſh, and groves for ever green!
There while you reſt in amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from thoſe meads ſelect unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddeſs, and our grief no more!

Lyc. How all things liſten, while thy muſe com-
Such ſilence waits on philomela's ſtrains, [plains!
In ſome ſtill ev'ning, when the whiſp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright Goddeſs, oft a lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming ewes increaſe my fleecy breed.
While plants their ſhade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe ſhall live!

Thyr. But ſee, Orion ſheds unwholeſome dews;
Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diffuſe;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay;
Time conquers all, and we muſt Time obey.
Adieu, ye Vales, ye Mountains, Streams and Groves;
Adieu, ye Shepherds' rural Lays and Loves;
Adieu, my Flocks; farewell, ye Sylvan Crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the World adieu!

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

Advertiſement.

In reading ſeveral paſſages of the Prophet Iſaiah, which foretel the coming of Chriſt, and the felicities attending it, I could not but obſerve a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts and thoſe in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not ſeem ſurpriſing, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the ſame ſubject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but ſelected ſuch ideas as beſt agreed with the nature of paſtoral poetry, and diſpoſed them in that manner which ſerved moſt to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the ſame in this Imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; ſince it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the ſeveral thoughts, might ſee how far the images and deſcriptions of the Prophet are ſuperior to thoſe of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I ſhall ſubjoin the paſſages of Iſaiah, and thoſe of Virgil, under the ſame diſadvantage of a literal tranſlation. P.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From * Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' ætherial Spirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic dove.
Ye † Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. A Virgin ſhall conceive---All crimes ſhall ceaſe, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.
Te duce, ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,
Irrita perpetua ſolvent formidine terras——
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

"Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new "progeny is ſent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever relics "of our crimes remain ſhall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual "fears. He ſhall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father."
Iſaiah,

* Iſa. xi. ver. 1. † Ch. xiv. ver. 8.

The ‡ ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning || Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe the expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe! be born.
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring;
See * lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance;
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers;
Prepare the way §! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye Mountains, and ye Vallies riſe;

IMITATIONS.

Iſaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14. "Behold, a virgin ſhall conceive and bear a ſon." Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. "Unto us a child is born, unto us a ſon is given, the Prince "of Peace: of the increaſe of his government, and of his peace, there ſhall be "no end: upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to eſ-"tabliſh it, with judgment, and with juſtice, for ever and ever." P.

Ver. 23. See Nature haſtes, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuſcula cultu,
Errantes hederas paſſim cum baccare tellus.
Mixtaque ridenti colocaſia fundet acantho----
Ipſa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

"For thee, O Child, ſhall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early "offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocaſia with ſmiling acan-"thus. Thy cradle ſhall pour forth pleaſing flowers about thee."

Iſaiah, ch. xxxv. ver 1. "The wilderneſs and the ſolitary place ſhall be glad, "and the deſert ſhall rejoice and bloſſom as the roſe. Ch. ix. ver. 13. "The "glory of Lebanon ſhall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box "together, to beautify the place of thy ſanctuary." P.

Ver. 29. Hark! a glad voice, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deum ſoboles, magnum Jovis incrementum----
Ipſi lætitia voces ad ſydera jactant
Intonſi montes, ipſæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipſa ſonant arbuſta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca! Ecl. v. ver. 62.

"Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved "offspring of the gods, O great increaſe of Jove! The uncultivated mountains "ſend ſhouts of joy to the ſtars, the very rocks ſing in verſe, the very ſhrubs "cry out, A God, a God!"

Iſaiah, chap. xl. ver. 3, 4. "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderneſs, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make ſtraight in the deſert a high way for "our God! Every valley ſhall be exalted, and every mountain and hill ſhall be "made low, and the crooked ſhall be made ſtraight, and the rough places plain." Chap. iv. ver. 23. "Break forth into ſinging, ye Mountains! O Foreſt, and "every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Iſrael." P.

‡ Ch. xxv. ver. 4. || Ch. ix. ver. 7. * Chap. xxxv. ver. 2. § Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

With heads declin'd, ye Cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye Rocks; ye rapid Floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear †† him, ye Deaf, and all ye Blind behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In * adamantine chains ſhall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good † ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father ‡ of the future age.
No more ſhall ‖ nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful § ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren ** deſerts with ſurpriſe
Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;

And

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 67. The ſwain in barren deſerts.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.
Molli paulatim flaveſcet campus ariſta,
Incultiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus ſudabunt roſcida mella.

"The

†† Ch. xliii. ver. 18. and Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6. * Ch. xxv. ver. 8. † Ch. xl. ver. 11. ‡ Ch. ix. ver. 6. ‖ Ch. ii. ver. 4. § Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22. ** Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte † ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn!
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The ‡ lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ‖ ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd, the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial * Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long § race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on every ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!

IMITATIONS.

"The fields ſhall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red grape ſhall hang "upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks ſhall diſtil honey like dew."

"Iſaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 7. "The parched ground ſhall become a pool, "and the thirſty lands ſprings of water: in the habitation where dragons lay, "ſhall be graſs, and reeds, and ruſhes." Ch. lv. ver. 13. "Inſtead of the "thorn ſhall come up the fir-tree, and inſtead of the brier ſhall come up the "myrtle-tree." P.

Ver 77. The lambs with wolves, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

Ipſæ lacte domum referent diſtenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones---
Occidet et ſerpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.——

"The goats ſhall bear to the fold their udders diſtended with milk: nor ſhall "the herds be afraid of the greateſt lions. The ſerpent ſhall die, and the herb "that conceals poiſon ſhall die."

"Iſaiah, chap. xi. ver. 6, &c. "The wolf ſhall dwell with the lamb, and "the leopard ſhall ly down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and "the fatling together; and a little child ſhall lead them. And the lion ſhall eat "ſtraw like the ox. And the ſucking child ſhall play on the hole of the aſp, and "the weaned child ſhall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice." P.

Ver. 85. Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!] The thoughts of Iſaiah, which compoſe the latter part of the Poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above thoſe general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftieſt parts of his Pollio.

Magnus ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo!
---toto ſurget gens aurea mundo!
---incipient magni procedere menſes!
Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut omnia ſæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the paſſages of Iſaiah here cited. P.

† Ch. xli. ver. 19. and Ch. iv. ver. 13. ‡ Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8. ‖ Ch. lxv. ver. 25. * Ch. ix. ver. 1. § Ch. lx. ver. 4.

See barb'rous ‡ nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan ‖ ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing § ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ‡‡ ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoak decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving power remains;
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

‡ Ch. lx. ver. 3. ‖ Ch. lx. ver. 6. § Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.
‡‡ Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injuſſa cano: te noſtræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te nemus omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt,
Quam ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen. *Virg.*

THY foreſt, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſes' ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent, ſylvan Maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muſes, bring:
What muſe for Granville can refuſe to ſing?
The groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong:
Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again;
Not chaos-like, together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd;
Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There interſpers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees ariſe that ſhun each others ſhades.
Here in full light the ruſſet plains extend;
There wrapt in clouds, the bluiſh hills aſcend.
E'en the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſert fruitful fields ariſe,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles, the ſable waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,

While

While [illegible] our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Tho' gods aſſembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground;
Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſert and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and ſevere than they;
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods;
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves.)
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And e'en the elements a tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhow'rs diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain:
The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beaſt or ſubject ſlain
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for ſportive tyrants bled;
But while the ſubject ſtarv'd, the beaſt was fed.
Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.
The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds ly cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;

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Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;

The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curſt,
Th' oppreſſor rul'd tyrannic where he durſt,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his vaſſals and his God.
Whom e'en the Saxon ſpar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But ſee the man, who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chaſer, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubjects' cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe:
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread;
The foreſt wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſports touch'd the conſcious ſwain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddeſs, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous ſwains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.
When milder autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready ſpaniel bounds;
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd cloſe he lies, and meditates the prey;
Secure they truſt th' unfaithful field beſet,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em ſweeps the ſwelling net.
Thus (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
When Albion ſends her eager ſons to war,
Some thoughtleſs town, with eaſe and plenty bleſt,
Near, and more near, the cloſing lines inveſt;
Sudden they ſeize th' amaz'd, defenceleſs prize,
And in high air Britannia's ſtandard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his gloſſy, varying dyes,
His purple creſt, and ſcarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breaſt that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moiſt Arcturus clouds the ſky,
The woods and fields their pleaſing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beaſts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beaſts purſue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With ſlaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a ſhort thunder breaks the frozen ſky:
Oft, as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial ſpring, beneath the quiv'ring ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply;
The bright-ey'd perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in ſcales bedropp'd with gold;
Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car,
The youth ruſh eager to the ſylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the foreſt walks ſurround,
Rouſe the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound.

Th' impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſs'd,
And ere he ſtarts a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
See the bold youth ſtrain up the threat'ning ſteep,
Ruſh through the thickets, down the vallies ſweep,
Hang o'er the courſers heads with eager ſpeed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed.
Let old Arcadia boaſt her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntreſs, and her virgin train:
Nor envy, Windſor! ſince thy ſhades have ſeen
As bright a goddeſs, and as chaſte a queen;
Whoſe care, like her's, protects the ſylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empreſs of the main.
Here too, 'tis ſung, of old, Diana ſtray'd,
And Cynthus' top forſook for Windſor ſhade;
Here was ſhe ſeen o'er airy waſtes to rove,
Seek the clear ſpring, or haunt the pathleſs grove;
Here arm'd with ſilver bows, in early dawn,
Her buſkin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the reſt a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt.)
Scarce could the goddeſs from her nymph be known,
But by the creſcent and the golden zone.
She ſcorn'd the praiſe of Beauty, and the care;
A belt her waiſt, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the Foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd;
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and, burning with deſire,
Purſu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky:
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves,
As from the god ſhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace.

Now

COOKE's EDITION OF SELECT BRITISH POETS.

POPE.
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades... there weep, & murmur there.
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream, dissolv'd away.

Printed by T. Bell. Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, Aug.t 29th 1795. Engraved by C. Warren.

Now fainting, ſinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now cloſe behind, his ſounding ſteps ſhe hears;
And now his ſhadow reach'd her as ſhe run,
His ſhadow lengthen'd by the ſetting ſun;
And now his ſhorter breath, with ſultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames ſhe calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
"Ah, Cynthia! ah---tho' baniſh'd from thy train,
"Let me, O let me, to the ſhades repair,
"My native ſhades---there weep, and murmur there."
She ſaid, and melting as in tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away.
The ſilver ſtream her virgin coldneſs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps:
Still bears the name the hapleſs virgin bore,
And bathes the foreſt where ſhe rang'd before.
In her chaſte current oft the goddeſs laves,
And with celeſtial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glaſs the muſing ſhepherd ſpies
The headlong mountains and the downward ſkies;
The wat'ry landſcape of the pendant woods,
And abſent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
And floating foreſts paint the waves with green.
Thro' the fair ſcene roll ſlow the ling'ring ſtreams,
Then foaming pour along, and ruſh into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the Britiſh floods!
With joyful pride ſurvey'ſt our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy ſhores appear.
Not Neptune's ſelf from all his ſtreams receives,
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No ſeas ſo rich, ſo gay no banks appear,
No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear.
Nor Po ſo ſwells the fabling poets' lays,
While led along the ſkies his current ſtrays,
As thine, which viſits Windſor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the manſion of our earthly gods;

Nor all his ſtars above a luſtre ſhow
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, ſubdu'd by mortal paſſions ſtill,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His ſov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to theſe ſhades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the Muſe inſpires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe.
He gathers health from herbs the foreſt yields,
And of their fragrant phyſic ſpoils the fields:
With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic ſouls of flow'rs:
Now marks the courſe of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned ſtore,
Conſults the dead, and lives paſt ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the ſilent wood,
Attends the duties of the wiſe and good,
T'obſerve a mean, be to himſelf a friend,
To follow Nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free ſoul expatiate in the ſkies,
Amid her kindred ſtars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confeſs her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and Trumball thus retir'd.
Ye ſacred Nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
Whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs,
Bear me, oh bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and ſurrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muſes ſport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths ſhall grow,
While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow.)
I ſeem through conſecrated walks to rove,
I hear ſoft muſic die along the grove:
Led by the ſound, I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
By godlike poets venerable made:

Here

Here his firſt lays majeſtic Denham ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
O early loſt! what tears the river ſhed,
When the ſad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping ſwans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each muſe's lyre.
Since Fate relentleſs ſtopp'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice:
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades where Cowley ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty Denham ſung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the Foreſt rings!
Are theſe reviv'd? or is it Granville ſings?
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bleſs our ſoft retreats,
And call the Muſes to their ancient ſeats;
To paint anew the flow'ry ſylvan ſcenes,
To crown the foreſts with immortal greens:
Make Windſor-hills in lofty numbers riſe,
And lift her turrets nearer to the ſkies;
To ſing thoſe honours you deſerve to wear,
And add new luſtre to her ſilver ſtar.
Here noble Surrey felt the ſacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchleſs his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the liſts, and graceful in the dance:
In the ſame ſhades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the ſame notes, of love, and ſoft deſire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.
Oh wouldſt thou ſing what heroes Windſor bore,
What kings firſt breath'd upon her winding ſhore,
Or raiſe old warriors, whoſe ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the ſhining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Creſſi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal ſhield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy ſong ſhould vanquiſh'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's ſpear.

Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, faſt beſide him, once fear'd Edward ſleeps;
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main.
The grave unites; where e'en the great find reſt,
And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt!
Make ſacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obſcure the place, and uninſcrib'd the ſtone.)
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion ſhed!
Heav'ns! what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She ſaw her ſons with purple death expire,
Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful ſeries of inteſtine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and diſhoneſt ſcars.
At length great Anna ſaid, "Let diſcord ceaſe!"
She ſaid; the world obey'd, and all was peace!
In that bleſt moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head;
His treſſes dropp'd with dews, and o'er the ſtream
His ſhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His ſwelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on her banks Auguſta roſe in gold.
Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood,
Who ſwell with tributary urns his flood:
Firſt the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Iſis, and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
The Lodden ſlow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whoſe dark ſtreams his flow'ry iſlands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, tranſparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his ſedgy treſſes rears;
And ſullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent Darent, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.
High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind,)

The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windſor domes and pompous turrets riſe;
Then bow'd and ſpoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.
Hail, ſacred Peace! hail, long expected days,
That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
Though Tyber's ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itſelf though ſevenfold Nilus flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſe's themes,
Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a ſervile train;
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.
No more my ſons ſhall dye with Britiſh blood
Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the ſylvan chace;
The trumpet ſleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold th' aſcending villas on my ſide,
Project long ſhadows o'er the cryſtal tide;
Behold! Auguſta's glitt'ring ſpires increaſe,
And temples riſe, the beauteous works of Peace.
I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!
There mighty nations ſhall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant ſtates be ſeen
Once more to bend before a Britiſh Queen.
Thy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods,
And half thy foreſts ruſh into the floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her croſs diſplay
To the bright regions of the riſing day;
Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;

Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales!
For me the balm ſhall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly ſhell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time ſhall come, when, free as ſeas or wind,
Unbounded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
And the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.
Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy ſide,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
Till conqueſt ceaſe, and ſlav'ry be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee, from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds, ſhall barb'rous Diſcord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, ſhall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance, bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hated Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gaſping Furies thirſt for blood in vain.
Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays,
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of op'ning fate to light.
My humble muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace deſcending bids her olives ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN

HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

[Written in the Year 1712.]

TO

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have ſome regard for this Piece, ſince I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witneſs, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good ſenſe and good humour enough to laugh not only at their ſex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a ſecret, it ſoon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookſeller, you had the good-nature, for my ſake, to conſent to the publication of one more correct: this I was forced to before I had executed half my deſign, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to ſignify that part which the deities, angels, or dæmons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are in one reſpect like many modern ladies, let an action be ever ſo trivial in itſelf, they always make it appear of the utmoſt importance. Theſe machines I determined to raiſe on a very new and odd foundation, the Roſicruſian doctrine of ſpirits.

I know how diſagreeable it is to make uſe of hard words before a lady; but it is ſo much the concern

of

of a poet to have his works underſtood, and particularly by your ſex, that you muſt give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Roſicruſians are a people I muſt bring you acquainted with. The beſt account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and ſize, is ſo like a novel, that many of the fair ſex have read it for one by miſtake. According to theſe gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by ſpirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The gnomes, or dæmons of earth, delight in miſchief; but the ſylphs, whoſe habitation is in the air, are the beſt-conditioned creatures imaginable: for they ſay, any mortal may enjoy the moſt intimate familiarities with theſe gentle ſpirits, upon a condition very eaſy to all true adepts, an inviolate preſervation of chaſtity.

As to the following Cantos, all the paſſages of them are as fabulous as the Viſion at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loſs of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The human perſons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, reſembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this Poem had as many graces as there are in your perſon, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it ſhould paſs through the world half ſo uncenſured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occaſion of aſſuring you that I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

Drawn by E.F.Burney. Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, July 31 1795. Engraved by W.Grainger

THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuiſſe tuis. *Mart.*

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing---This verſe to Caryl, Muſe! is due:
This, e'en Belinda may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If ſhe inſpire, and he approve my lays.
Say what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred lord t'aſſault a gentle belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In taſks ſo bold can little men engage?
And in ſoft boſoms dwells ſuch mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap-dogs give themſelves the rouzing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian ſylph prolong'd the balmy reſt:
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head:
A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight-beau
(That e'en in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:
Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one viſion touch'd thy infant-thought,
Of all the nurſe and all the prieſt have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight-ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,

Or virgins viſited by angel pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd;
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then, unnumber'd ſpirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower ſky:
Theſe, though unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in air,
And view with ſcorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to thoſe of air.
Think not, when woman's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And though ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death ſurvive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt elements their ſouls retire:
The ſprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a ſalamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And ſip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude ſinks downward to a gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in ſylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of air.
Know further yet; whoever, fair and chaſte,
Rejects mankind, is by ſome ſylph embrac'd:
For ſpirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhapes they pleaſe.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight maſquerades,

Safe

Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their ſylph, the wiſe celeſtials know,
Though Honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the gnomes' embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And gartars, ſtars, and coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds, Your Grace ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

Oft, when the world imagine women ſtray,
The ſylphs through myſtic mazes guide their way;
Through all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio ſpeaks, what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They ſhift the moving toyſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaus baniſh beaus, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call:
Oh blind to truth! the ſylphs contrive it all.

Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling ſtar,
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend,

But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by thy ſylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of man!
He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no ſooner read,
But all the viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.
And now, unvail'd, the toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the coſmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling begins the ſacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddeſs with the glitt'ring ſpoil.
This caſket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box;
The tortoiſe here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy ſylphs ſurround their darling care;
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair;
Some fold the ſleeve, whilſt others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The ſun firſt riſes o'er the purpled main,
Than, iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dreſs'd youths around her ſhone;
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breaſt a ſparkling croſs ſhe wore,
Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends:
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
And, like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
Nouriſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining ringlets the ſmooth iv'ry neck.
Love in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
With hairy ſpringes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair ſurpriſe the finny prey,
Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
For when ſucceſs a lover's toil attends,
Few aſk if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry power ador'd,
But chiefly Love---to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vaſt French romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves:
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long poſſeſs the prize.
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r;
The reſt the winds diſpers'd in empty air.
But now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
The ſun-beams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the ſylph---with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th' impending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtraight his denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
Soft o'er the ſhrouds aërial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
Tranſparent forms too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light,
Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
Where light diſports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions open'd to the ſun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
Ye know the ſpheres, and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day:

Some

Some guide the courſe of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundleſs ſky:
Some, leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light,
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth, o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the Britiſh throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, though leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To ſteal from rainbows ere they drop in ſhow'rs
A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs:
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day black omens threat the brighteſt fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force or ſlight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail china-jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock muſt fall.
Haſte then, ye Spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty choſen ſylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the petticoat:

Oft

Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Though ſtiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes ly,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clogg'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or allum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin eſſence like a ſhrivell'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!
He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendents of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

Close by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing tow'rs,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs reſort,
To taſte a while the pleaſures of a court;
In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;

A third

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At Ombre ſingly to decide their doom,
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred Nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand th' aërial guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For ſylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter pow'r;
Four Knaves, in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The ſkilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let ſpades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her ſable Matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillio firſt, unconquerable lord!
Let off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd, but his fate, more hard,
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.

With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majeſty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd;
The reſt his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield:
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride;
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only graſps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace!
Th' embroider'd King, who ſhews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops, an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſperſ'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:

An

An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: the King unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.

O thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to Fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.
Sudden theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On ſhining altars of Japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the ſmoking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee thro' all things with his half-ſhut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the ratliant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late;
Fear the juſt gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!

But when to miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill!
Juſt then, Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So ladies, in romance, aſſiſt their knight,
Preſent the ſpear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends:
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.

Swift to the Lock a thouſand ſprites repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought
The cloſe receſſes of the Virgin's thought:
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confuſ'd, he found his pow'r expir'd!
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

The Peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' incloſe the Lock; now joins it to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched ſylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the ſylph in twain,
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again;)
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flaſh'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying Heav'n are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their laſt;
Or when rich China veſſels, fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring duſt and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a lady's bed,
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live!
What time would ſpare, from ſteel receives it date,
And monuments, like men, ſubmit to Fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;

Steel

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hair ſhould feel
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted ſteel?

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the penſive nymph oppreſt,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment and deſpair,
As thou, ſad virgin! for thy raviſh'd hair.

For, that ſad moment, when the ſylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No cheerful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With ſtore of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride,

On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs, and for ſhow.
The fair ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe,
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.
A conſtant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright as viſions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by ſpleen.
Here living tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout;
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe paſt the gnome through this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing ſpleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addreſs'd the pow'r—Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hyſteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray:
A nymph there is that all your pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a prude,

Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe;
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.

The goddeſs, with a diſcontented air,
Seems to reject him, though ſhe grants his pray'r.
A wondrous bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the furies iſſu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrivall'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your hapleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd through cryſtal to the gazing eyes,

And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume, of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,)
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil!
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a jeſt—nay, prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—He ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain:
But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock, I ſwear,
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew,)
That, while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then ſee! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languiſhing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which with a ſigh ſhe rais'd; and thus ſhe ſaid:
For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court theſe eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid,
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant northern land;

Where

Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taſte Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes that in deſerts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I ſtay'd, and ſaid my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens ſeem'd to tell;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China ſhook without a wind;
Nay, Poll ſat mute, and Shock was moſt unkind!
A ſylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of Fate,
In myſtic viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hands ſhall rend what ev'n thy rapine ſpares:
Theſe in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the ſnowy neck;
The ſiſter-Lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal ſheers demands,
And tempts once more thy ſacrilegious hands.
Oh hadſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe.

CANTO V.

She ſaid: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had ſtopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thaleſtris with reproach aſſails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half ſo fix'd the Trojan could remain
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clariſſa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence enſu'd, and thus the nymph began.
Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
Why deck'd with all the land and ſea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaus?
Why bows the ſide-box from its inmoſt rows?
How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
Unleſs good ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains;

That men may ſay, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the firſt in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day,
Charm'd the ſmall-pox, or chas'd old age away,
Who would not ſcorn what houſewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a ſaint;
Nor could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince Locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man muſt die a maid!
What then remains, but well our pow'r to uſe,
And keep good humour ſtill whate'er we loſe?
And truſt me, Dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.
So ſpoke the dame, but no applauſe enſu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce virago cries,
And ſwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All ſide in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſtle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſs and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heav'nly breaſts with human paſſions rage;
'Gainſt Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune ſtorms, the bellowing deeps reſound:
Earth ſhakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!
Triumphant Umbriel, on a ſconce's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and ſat to view the fight;
Prop'd on their bodkin ſpears, the ſprites ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.

While

While through the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling periſh'd in the throng;
One dy'd in mataphor, and one in ſong.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
"Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing"—was his laſt.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring ſwan, and as he ſings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
But, at her ſmile, the beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the mens' wits againſt the ladys' hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who ſought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly ſtrength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdu'd:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of ſnuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great-great-grandſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe gingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boaſt

Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Reſtore the Lock! ſhe cries; and all around,
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can conteſt?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vaſes,
And beaus' in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer-caſes.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lover's hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick mens' pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.

But truſt the Muſe—ſhe ſaw it upwards riſe,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view.)
A ſudden ſtar, it ſhot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heav'ns beſpangling with diſhevell'd light.
The ſylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs through the ſkies.

This the beau monde ſhall from the Mall ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray;
This the bleſt lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake;

This

This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy raviſh'd [hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,
This Lock the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

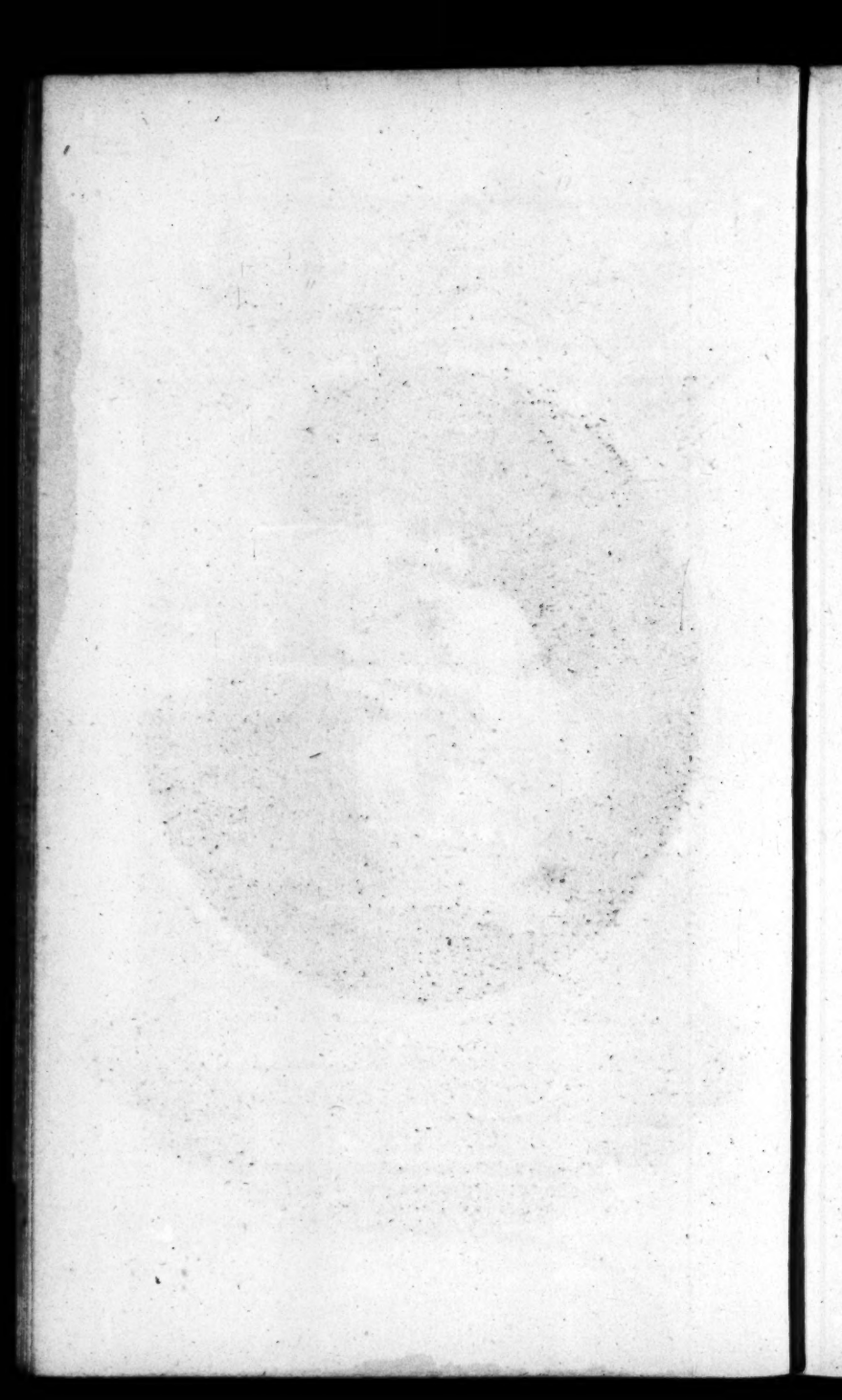
The Argument.

Phaon, a youth of exquiſite beauty, was deeply enamoured of Sappho, a lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tendereſt returns of paſſion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and ſailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loſs of her lover, hearkened to all the mad ſuggeſtions of deſpair; and ſeeing no other remedy for her preſent miſeries, reſolved to throw herſelf into the ſea, from Leucate, a promontory of Epirus, which was thought a cure in caſes of obſtinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the Lover's Leap. But before ſhe ventured upon this laſt ſtep, entertaining ſtill ſome fond hopes that ſhe might be able to reclaim her inconſtant, ſhe wrote him this Epiſtle, in which ſhe gives him a ſtrong picture of her diſtreſs and miſery, occaſioned by his abſence; and endeavours, by all the artful inſinuations and moving expreſſions ſhe is miſtreſs of, to ſooth him to ſoftneſs and a mutual feeling. [Anon.]

SAY, lovely youth, that doſt my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love?
Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The lute neglected, and the lyric muſe;
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Ætna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds;
Muſic has charms alone for peaceful minds.

ECQUID, ut inſpecta eſt ſtudioſæ littera dextræ,
Protinus eſt oculis cognita noſtra tuis?
An, niſi legiſſes auctoris nomina Sapphûs,
Hoc breve neſcires unde movetur opus?
Forſitan et quare mea ſint alterna requiras
Carmina, cum lyricis ſim magis apta modis.
Flendus amor meus eſt: elegeïa flebile carmen;
Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
Fertilis accenſis meſſibus ardet ager.
Arva Phaon celebrat diverſa Typhoïdos Ætnæ,
Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.
Nec mihi, diſpoſitis quæ jungam carmina nervis,
Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus,

POPE's POEMS.
Say lovely youth that doth my heart command
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand!
Must then her name the wretched writer prove
To thy remembrance lost as to thy love?



Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe;
Love enters there, and I'm my own diſeaſe.
No more the Leſbian dames my paſſions move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Oh youth, ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurpriſe,
Thoſe heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' ſelf with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame;
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me,
Than ev'n thoſe gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with Sappho's praiſe.
Though great Alcæus more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inſpire.

Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadeſve puellæ,
  Nec me Leſbiadum cætera turba juvant.
Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
  Non oculis grata eſt Atthis, ut ante, meis;
Atque aliæ centum, quas non ſine crimine amavi:
  Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.
Eſt in te facies, ſunt apti luſibus anni.
  O facies oculis inſidioſa meis!
Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifeſtus Apollo:
  Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris,
Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnoſida Bacchus amavit;
  Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.
At mihi Pegaſides blandiſſima carmina dictant;
  Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcæus, conſors patriæque lyræque,
  Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille ſonet.

To me what Nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Though ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inſpir'd young Perſeus with a gen'rous flame.
Turtles and doves of diff'rent hues unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou can'ſt be mov'd;
Phaon alone by Phaon muſt be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove;
For oh! how vaſt a memory has love!
My muſic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſic to your ear.
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my enchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.

Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Eſt mihi; menſuram nominis ipſa fero.
Candida ſi non ſum, placuit Cepheïa Perſeo
Andromede, patriæ fuſca colore ſuæ:
Et variis albæ junguntur ſæpe columbæ,
Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
Si, niſi quæ facie poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt.
At me cum legeres, etiam formoſa videbar;
Unam jurabas uſque decere loqui.
Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oſcula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.
Hæc quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam,
Sed tum præcipue, cum fit amoris opus.

Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
'Till, all diſſolving, in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy ſoul inflame:
Why was I born, ye Gods! a Leſbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boaſt
That wand'ring heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?
Inur'd to ſorrow from my tender years;
My parents' aſhes drank my early tears;
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame:

Tunc te plus ſolito laſcivia noſtra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confuſa voluptas,
Plurimus in laſſo corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ;
Quid mihi cum Leſbo? Sicelis eſſe volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite noſtrum,
Niſiades matres, Niſiadeſque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ:
Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua ſum) vati conſule, diva, tuæ.
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in curſu ſemper acerba ſuo?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas oſſa bibere meas.
Arſit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Miſtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta cœrula remo:
Quaſque male amiſit, nunc male quærit opes:

An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt.
Alas! what more could Fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt, and greateſt of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling di'monds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom ſhould Sappho uſe ſuch arts as theſe?
He's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move,
Still is there cauſe for Sappho ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my muſe in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrains.
By charms like thine which all my ſoul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?

Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam deſint, quæ me ſine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu noſtris accedis cauſa querelis:
Non agitur vento noſtra carina ſuo.
Ecce, jacent collo ſparſi ſine lege capilli;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veſte tegor vili: nullum eſt in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabo noſter rore capillus olet.
Cui colar infelix? aut cui placuiſſe laborem?
Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abeſt.
Molle meum levibus cor eſt violabile telis;
Et ſemper cauſa eſt, cur ego ſemper amem.
Sive ita naſcenti legem dixere Sorores,
Nec data ſunt vitæ fila ſevera meæ;
Sive abeunt ſtudia in mores, arteſque magiſtræ,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, ſi me primæ lanuginis ætas
Abſtulit, atque anni, quos vir amare poteſt?

For thoſe Aurora Cephalus might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious morn.
For thoſe might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's ſleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his ſheep.
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the ſkies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take, at leaſt, the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are loſt in tears!
The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you:)
Farewell, my Leſbian love, you might have ſaid;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Leſbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.

Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
  Et faceres; ſed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc ſi conſpiciat quæ conſpicit omnia, Phœbe;
  Juſſus erit ſomnos continuare Phaon.
Hunc Venus in cœlum curru vexiſſet eburno;
  Sed videt et Marti poſſe placere ſuo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis ætas!
  O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque ſinus, formoſe, relabere noſtros:
  Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare ſinas.
Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis:
  Aſpice, quam ſit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modeſtius iſſes,
  Et modo dixiſſes, Leſbi puella, vale.
Non tecum lacrymas, non oſcula ſumma tuliſti;
  Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
Nil de te mecum eſt, niſi tantum injuria: nec tu,
  Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.

No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, thoſe powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like ſome ſad ſtatue, ſpeechleſs, pale I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my breaſt, and ſtopt my freezing blood;
No ſigh to riſe, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous paſſion found,
I rend my treſſes, and my breaſt I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curſe, and then complain;
Now ſwell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs diſtract the mournful dame,
Whoſe firſt-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
My ſcornful brother with a ſmile appears,
Inſults my woes, and triumphs in my tears;
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with deſpair,
All torn my garments, and my boſom bare,

Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dediſſem
Ulla, niſi ut nolles immemor eſſe mei.
Per tibi, qui nunquam longe diſcedat; Amorem,
Perque Novem juro, numina noſtra, Deas;
Cum mihi neſcio quis, fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
Nec me flere diu, nec potuiſſe loqui;
Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
Aſtrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
Poſtquam ſe dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
Nec puduit ſciſſis exululare comis.
Non aliter quam ſi nati pia mater adempti
Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
Gaudet, et e noſtro creſcit mœrore Charaxus
Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
Utque pudenda mei videatur cauſa doloris;
Quid dolet hæc? certe filia vivit, ait.
Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta ſinu.

My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconſiſtent things are love and ſhame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away;
And, dreſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thouſand tender words I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting kiſſes give and take:
Then fiercer joys I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet, while I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.
But when, with day, the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic riſe, and like ſome fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the ſilent grove,
As if the ſilent grove and lonely plains,
That knew my pleaſures, could relieve my pains.

Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te ſomnia noſtra reducunt;
Somnia formoſo candidiora die.
Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus abſis;
Sed non longa ſatis gaudia ſomnus habet.
Sæpe tuos noſtra cervice onerare lacertos,
Sæpe tuæ vdieor ſuppoſuiſſe meos.
Blandior interdum, veriſque ſimillima verba
Eloquor; et vigilant ſenſibus ora meis.
Oſcula cognoſco; quæ tu committere linguæ,
Aptaque conſueras accipere, apta dare.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; ſed omnia fiunt.
Et juvat, et ſine te non libet eſſe mihi.
At cum ſe Titan oſtendit, et omnia ſecum;
Tam cito me ſomnos deſtituiſſe queror.
Antra nemuſque peto, tanquam nemus antraque pro-
Conſcia deliciis illa fuere tuis. [ſint;
Huc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.

I view the grotto, once the ſcene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moſs o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian ſtone.
I find the ſhades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, theſe ſhades delight no more.
Here the preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay:
I kiſs that earth which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their ſongs till thy return:
Night ſhades the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
All but the mournful philomel and I:
With mournful philomel I join my ſtrain:
Of Tereus ſhe, of Phaon I complain.
A ſpring there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
Clear as a glaſs, the ſhining ſands below:
A flow'ry lotos ſpreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;

Antra vident oculi ſcabro pendentia topho,
Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris inſtar erant.
Invenio ſylvam, quæ ſæpe cubilia nobis
Præbuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
At non invenio dominum ſylvæque, meumque.
Vile ſolum locus eſt: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi preſſas noti mihi ceſpitis herbas:
De noſtro curvum pondere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuiſti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quinetiam rami poſitis lugere videntur
Frondibus; et nullæ dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie mœſtiſſima mater
Concinit Iſmarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho deſertos cantat amores:
Hactenus, ut media cætera nocte ſilent.
Eſt nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons ſacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem ſupra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero ceſpite terra viret,

Eternal greens the moſſy margin grace,
Watch'd by the ſylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a wat'ry Virgin ſtood:
She ſtood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main:
"There ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending ſteep,
"Apollo's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
"There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
"Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
"Deucalion once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
"In vain he lov'd, relentleſs Pyrrha ſcorn'd:
"But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
"Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
"Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
"Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs! where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires.
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.

Hic ego cum laſſos poſuiſſem fletibus artus,
Conſtitit ante oculos Naïas una meos;
Conſtitit, et dixit, "Quoniam non ignibus æquis
"Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.
"Phœbus ab excelſo, quantum patet, aſpicit æquor:
"Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
"Hinc ſe Deucalion Pyrrhæ ſuccenſus amore
"Miſit, et illæſo corpore preſſit aquas.
"Nec mora: verſus amor tetigit lentiſſima Pyrrhæ
"Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
"Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam
"Leucada; nec ſaxo deſiluiſſe time."
Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida ſurgo:
Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.
Ibimus, O nymphæ, monſtrataque ſaxa petemus.
Sit procul inſano victus amore timor.

Ye gentle Gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood profane!
On Phœbus' ſhrine my harp I'll then beſtow,
And this inſcription ſhall be plac'd below:
" Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
" Sappho to Phœbus conſecrates her lyre.
" What ſuits with Sappho, Phœbus, ſuits with thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the god agree."
But why, alas! relentleſs youth, ah why
To diſtant ſeas muſt tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more pow'rful be,
And Phœbus' ſelf is leſs a god to me.
Ah! canſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea?
Oh far more faithleſs and more hard than they!
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks, than to thy boſom preſs'd?
This breaſt which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes dwell.

Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, ſubito,
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
Tu quoque mollis amor, pennas ſuppone cadenti:
Ne ſim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ.
Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam:
Et ſub ea verſus unus et alter erunt.
" Grata lyram poſui tibi, Phœbe, poëtria Sappho:
" Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
Cur tamen Actiacas miſeram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum poſſis ipſe referre pedem?
Tu mihi Leucadia potes eſſe ſalubrior unda:
Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.
An potes, ô ſcopulis undaque ferocior illa,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?
At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quam poterant ſaxis præcipitanda dari!
Hæc ſunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare ſolebas;
Viſaque ſunt toties ingenioſa tibi.

Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire;
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Leſbian Virgins, and ye Leſbian Dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling ſtring:
My Phaon's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign,
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair Youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burns the lover's fires?
Gods! can no pray'rs, no ſighs, no numbers move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my pray'rs, my ſighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
Oh when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails!
If you return—ah why theſe long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careleſs Phaon ſtays.

Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obſtat;
Ingeniumque meis ſubſtitit omne malis.
Non mihi reſpondent veteres in carmina vires.
Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra eſt.
Leſbides æquoreæ, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
Leſbides, Æolia nomina dicta lyra;
Leſbides, infamem quæ me feciſtis amatæ;
Deſinite ad citharas turba venire meas.
Abſtulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat.
(Me miſeram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)
Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque veſtra redibit.
Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
Ecquid ago precibus? pectuſne agreſte movetur?
An riget? et zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
Hoc te, ſi ſaperes, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
Munera; quid laceras pectora noſtra mora?

O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain;
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, ſecure of proſp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas:
To raging ſeas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live or ceaſe to love!

Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare præſtet eunti.
  Aura dabit curſum; tu modo ſolve ratem,
Ipſe gubernabit reſidens in puppe Cupido:
  Ipſe dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
Sive juvat longe fugiſſe Pelaſgida Sappho;
  (Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.)
[O ſaltem miſeræ, Crudelis, epiſtola dicat:
  Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.]

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

The Argument.

Abelard and Eloïſa flouriſhed in the twelfth century: they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïſa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated Letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Paſſion. [P.]

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love:---From Abelard it came,
And Eloïſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips, in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears!
In vain loſt Eloïſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged Rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye Grots and Caverns, ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.

Line

Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame;
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid:
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; Heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back through the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.

How oft, when preſs'd to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which Love has made!

Love,

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Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove:
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn 'em all:
Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love:
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing and poſſeſs'd,
No craving void left aching in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be,)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïſe? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And ſaints with wonder heard the vows I made.

Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd,
And paradiſe was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n;
But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their day's eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others' pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!

The

The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, e'en then, ſhall my cold duſt remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, Heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen Chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view;
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new:
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?

Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain—do all things but forget!
But let Heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me Nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and you:
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.
How happy is the blameleſs veſtal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſunſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers, that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heav'n:
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of ſeraphs ſhed divine perfumes;
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymenæals ſing;
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what Vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then Conſcience ſleeps, and leaving Nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
Oh curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking dæmons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:

I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft Illuſions, dear Deceits ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpence from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirits bid the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as open'ing gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïſa loves.
Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the matin lamp in ſighs for thee;
Thy image ſteals between my God and me;
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:

In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye;
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul;
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to Heav'n; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God.
No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll:
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes and tempting looks, (which yet I view,)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! O Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead,
In each low wind methinks a ſpirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine, I heard a hollow ſound.
"Come, ſiſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay;)
"Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away.
"Once, like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd;
"Love's victim then, though now a ſainted maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
"Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep;

"Ev'n

" Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes every fear:
" For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bow'rs,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow.
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day:
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah, no---in ſacred veſtments mayſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the Croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloïſa ſee;
It will be then no crime to gaze on me;
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
'Till ev'ry motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
Oh Death, all-eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when Fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
In trance ecſtatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and angels watch thee round;
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And ſaints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each haplefs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever Chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
" Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,

Amid

Amid that ſcene if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from Heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſure if Fate ſome future bard ſhall join,
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well,
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell;
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt;

TWO CHORUSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE 1.

YE ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal ſages taught;
Where heav'nly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the Muſes' ſhades.

ANTISTROPHE 1.

O heav'n-born Siſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth and myſtic Song!
To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak Atlantic ſhore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild Barbarians ſpurn her duſt;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmoſt ſhore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtrangers' gore:
See Arts her ſavage ſons control,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
'Till ſome new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madneſs tears them from the land.

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ANTISTROPHE.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what juſtice rules the ball?
Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry ſtate!
Still, when the luſt of tyrant pow'r ſucceeds,
Some Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breaſt?
Wiſdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But ent'ring learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame deſire
Which Nature hath impreſt?
Why, Nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and gen'rous breaſt?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for abſent Porcia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt,
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt,
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wand'ring, ſelf-conſuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the ſun.

Oh

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, ſource of ev'ry ſocial tye,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend!
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye,
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmiſes,
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurpriſes,
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine.
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure;
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt along the moon-light ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!---but why that bleeding boſom gor'd!
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Pow'rs, her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of kings and heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen priſ'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like eaſtern kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe, perhaps, (ere Nature bade her die,)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of death:
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.

Thus, if eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herſes ſhall beſiege your gates;
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way,)
Lo! theſe were they whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, (oh ever injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What though no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſs'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the Morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle buſ'neſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold;
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream through every age.
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love:
In pitying love we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws;
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys,
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?

Who

Who ſees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar, 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons! attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdued;
Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation and Italian ſong:
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S

JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail-one of our Play
From her own ſex ſhould mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aſide,
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
The play may paſs—but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I ſo hate a whore—
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So from a ſiſter ſinner you ſhall hear,
"How ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my dear!"

But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of the ſoul they ſin;
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy ſoft nights, and ſolid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.
Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a huſband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And ſure ſuch kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows;
Stern Cato's ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or ſo, ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her as a ſpecial breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would ſcruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic Chief our ſtage may ring,
The Stoic Huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—But what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the City:
There many an honeſt man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace,
That Edward's Miſs thus perks it in your face;
To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood,
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith, let the modeſt Matrons of the Town
Come here in crowds, and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

TRANSLATIONS.

AND

IMITATIONS.

Advertisement.

The following Tranſlations were ſelected from many others done by the Author in his youth; for the moſt part, indeed, but a ſort of Exerciſes, while he was improving himſelf in the languages, and carried, by his early bent to Poetry, to perform them rather in verſe than proſe. Mr. Dryden's Fables came out about that time, which occaſioned the Tranſlations from Chaucer. They were firſt ſeparately printed in miſcellanies by J. Tonſon and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The Imitations of Engliſh Authors were done as early, ſome of them at fourteen or fifteen years old.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1711.]

Advertiſement.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's Houſe of Fame. The deſign is in a manner entirely altered, the deſcriptions and moſt of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not ſuffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his Third Book of Fame, there being nothing in the two firſt books that anſwer to their title. [P.]

IN that ſoft ſeaſon when deſcending ſhow'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flow'rs;
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings,)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And, join'd, this intellectual ſenſe compoſe.
I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies,
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green:
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples riſe:
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way:
The wondrous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd, to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone:
Inſcriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile Time ſubdu'd;

Yet

Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some freſh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt the approaches of too warm a ſun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Nor more by envy than exceſs of praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:
The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
There names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt,
From Time's firſt birth, with Time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of Froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace;

Heroes

Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.
Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides, ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil:
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound,
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden Thebes aſpire!
Cythæron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.
The eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand;
The ſage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brackmans, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of talſmans and figils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience to be good.
But on the ſouth, a long majeſtic race
Of Egypt's prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.

High

High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hand a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic ſtructure was the northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic Characters were grav'd around:
There ſat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,
Druids and bards, (their once loud harps unſtrung,)
And youths that died to be by poets ſung.
Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.
The temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
And heav'n with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within ſtood heroes, who, through loud alarms,
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne, with tropies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd:

His feet on ſceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan god.
There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minervas, ſhone;
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in ev'ry eſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his country's fate.
But chief were thoſe who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their peoples' ſafety bought;
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-ſuff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy and leſs guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the god-like Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the ſhell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the firſt the mighty Homer ſhone,
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Though blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſee n'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillars ſeen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen:
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall;
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.

Motion

Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t' affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne,
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers ſhone.
Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring god.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
Pleas'd with Alcaeus' manly rage t'infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic muſe.
The poliſh'd pillar diff'rent ſculptures grace,
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.
Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian ſtar, and great Auguſtus here:
The doves that round the infant poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a ſhrine that caſt a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagarite;
His ſacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully ſhone,
The Roman roſtra deck'd the conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
These maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies;
Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aching ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height:
Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,
Bright azue rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
But ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front ſhe rais'd.
With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler viſtas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long iſles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thouſand buſy tongues the goddeſs bears,
A thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine;

With

With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring;
With Time's firſt birth began the heav'nly lays,
And laſt, eternal, through the length of days.
Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the temple ſhook,
And all the nations ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crowds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honors crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.
Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiſcerning, ſcatters crowns and chains.
Firſt at the ſhrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r.
Long have we ſought t'inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For fame is all we muſt expect below.
The Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden trumpet of eternal praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud,
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:

By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread;
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next theſe the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs'd the ſacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame,) but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.
This band diſmiſs'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;
The conſtant tenor of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.
But ſtraight the direful trump of Slander ſounds:
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire through the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own,
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd,)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;

There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.
Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.
Great Idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame!
But ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen;
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.
And live there men who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, Mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath;
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, though high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſt'ning angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.
Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dreſs'd:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, were 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd ev'ry maid:
Of unknown Ducheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.

The Queen aſſents; the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt,
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt.
What, you, (ſhe cry'd,) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe;
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe!
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders! fall,
The peoples' fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run through all the crowd.
Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On ſov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make the immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dead ſound pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled Nature trembled with the blaſt.
This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſight uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound:
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;

Hither,

Hither, as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes,
The trembling ſurface by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt they break
On neighb'ring air, a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new;
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away,
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands;
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands,
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in ev'ry face.
They flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.

Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travell'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance,
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And tow'rs and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon,
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro' the ſky.
There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue thro' the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now the truth and lie;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.
While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear,
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?
'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of fame?
But few, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.
How vain that ſecond life in others' breath,
Th' eſtate which wits inherit after death!
Eaſe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.

Nor

Nor fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſts ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing folly, or exalting vice;
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where Fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe;
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown:
Oh! grant an honeſt Fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wiſe and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Bleſt with much ſenſe, more riches, and ſome grace;
Yet, led aſtray by Venus' ſoft delights,
He ſcarce could rule ſome idle appetites:
For long ago, let prieſts ſay what they cou'd,
Weak ſinful laymen were but fleſh and blood.
But in due time, when ſixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more:
Whether pure holineſs inſpir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleaſures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his conſtant pray'r,
Once, ere he dy'd, to taſte the bliſful life
Of a kind huſband and a loving wife.
Theſe thoughts he fortify'd with reaſons ſtill,
(For none want reaſons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors ſay, and witty poets ſing,
That honeſt wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuſe a damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his age, and bring a worthy heir;
Too ſooth his cares, and, free from noiſe and ſtrife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let ſinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beaſts, promiſcuouſly they join;
Nor know to make the preſent bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future, or eſteem the paſt:

But

But vainly boaſt the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the ſecrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and Heav'n to pleaſe;
And paſs his inoffenſive hours away,
In bliſs all night, and innocence all day:
Tho' fortune change, his conſtant ſpouſe remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what ſo pure which envious tongues will ſpare?
Some wicked wits have libel'd all the fair.
With matchleſs impudence they ſtyle a wife,
The dear-bought curſe, and lawful plague of life;
A boſom ſerpent, a domeſtic evil,
A night-invaſion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wiſe theſe ſland'rous words regard,
But curſe the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by Fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.
Vain Fortune's favours, never at a ſtay,
Like empty ſhadows, paſs and glide away;
One ſolid comfort, our eternal wife
Abundantly ſupplies us all our life:
This bleſſing laſts (if thoſe who try ſay true)
As long as heart can wiſh—and longer too.
Our grandſire Adam, ere of Eve poſſeſt,
Alone, and ev'n in paradiſe unbleſt,
With mournful looks the bliſsful ſcenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary ſhade.
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, and beſt reſerv'd of God.
A wife! ah gentle deities! can he
That has a wife e'er feel adverſity?
Would men but follow what the ſex adviſe,
All things would proſper, all the world grow wiſe.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's bleſſing from an elder ſon:
Abuſive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wiſe conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews ſhow,
Preſerv'd the Jews, and ſlew th' Aſſyrian foe:

At Eſther's ſuit the perſecuting ſword
Was ſheath'd, and Iſrael liv'd to bleſs the Lord.
  Theſe weighty motives January the ſage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys, and ſober life,
Would try that Chriſtian comfort, call'd a Wife.
His friends were ſummon'd on a point ſo nice
To paſs their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he,
(As men that aſk advice are wont to be.)
  My friends, he cry'd, (and caſt a mournful look
Around the room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke;)
Beneath the weight of threeſcore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am haſt'ning to my end:
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies which I bluſh to tell;
But gracious Heav'n has open'd my eyes at laſt,
With due regret I view my vices paſt,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy eaſe:
But ſince by counſel all things ſhould be done,
And many heads are wiſer ſtill than one;
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my deſire's approv'd by your conſent.
  One caution yet is needful to be told
To guide your choice; this wife muſt not be old.
There goes a ſaying, and 'twas ſhrewdly ſaid,
Old fiſh at table, but young fleſh in bed.
My ſoul abhors the taſteleſs, dry embrace
Of a ſtale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold ſeaſon Love but treats his gueſt
With bean-ſtraw, and tough forage at the beſt.
No crafty widows ſhall approach my bed;
Thoſe are too wiſe for bachelors to wed.
As ſubtle clerks by many ſchools are made,
Twice marri'd dames are miſtreſſes o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with eaſe,
We form like wax, and mould them as we pleaſe.
  Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my ſenſe amiſs;
'Tis what concerns my ſoul's eternal bliſs;

Since

Since if I found no pleaſure in my ſpouſe,
As fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then ſhould I live in lewd adultery,
And ſink downright to Satan when I die:
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were loſt for which I wed;
To raiſe up ſeed to bleſs the Pow'rs above,
And not for pleaſure only, or for love.
Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaſter life:
Thoſe that are bleſt with ſtore of grace divine,
May live like ſaints by Heav'n's conſent and mine.
And ſince I ſpeak of wedlock, let me ſay,
(As, thank my ſtars, in modeſt truth I may,)
My limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at heart,
And a new vigour ſprings in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue loſt, though Time has ſhed
Theſe rev'rend honours on my hoary head:
Theſe trees are crown'd with bloſſoms white as ſnow,
The vital ſap then riſing from below.
Old as I am, my luſty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flouriſh all the year.
Now, Sirs, ye know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom ſpeak his mind.
He ſaid; the reſt in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either ſide:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and ſome with reaſon blam'd.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous poſitive, and wondrous wiſe,
There fell between his brothers a debate;
Placebo this was call'd, and Juſtin that.
Firſt to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleaſing was his tone.)
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves experience dwells with years!
Yet you purſue ſage Solomon's advice,
To work by counſel when affairs are nice:
But, with the Wiſe Man's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my ſoul arrive at eaſe and reſt,
As ſtill I hold your own advice the beſt.

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And ſtudy'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful maxim ſtill,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, "Your Honour's in the right."
Th' aſſuming wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe,
As his miſtaken patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought;
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whoſe ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhould be ſo to man;
At leaſt, your courage all the world muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let gray fools be indolently good,
Who, paſt all pleaſure, damn the joys of ſenſe
With rev'rend dulneſs and grave impotence.
Juſtin, who ſilent ſate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philoſophic frown, began.
A Heathen author, of the firſt degree,
(Who, though not faith, had ſenſe as well as we,)
Bids us be certain our concerns to truſt
To thoſe of gen'rous principles and juſt.
The venture's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your perſon, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your reſt,
Firſt learn your lady's qualities at leaſt:
Whether ſhe's chaſte or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a ſaint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an eaſy, fond, familiar fool,
Or ſuch a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this world, much leſs in womankind;
But if her virtues prove the larger ſhare,
Bleſs the kind Fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the ſtate you thus commend;

And, ſpite of all his praiſes, muſt declare,
All he can find is bondage, coſt, and care.
Heav'n knows I ſhed full many a private tear,
And ſigh in ſilence, leſt the world ſhould hear;
While all my friends applaud my bliſsful life,
And ſwear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaſte as any veſtal nun,
The meekeſt creature that beholds the ſun!
But, by th' immortal Pow'rs, I feel the pain,
And he that ſmarts has reaſon to complain.
Do what you liſt for me: you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for wiſdom is in age:
But at theſe years to venture on the fair!
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To pleaſe a wife, when her occaſions call,
Would buſy the moſt vig'rous of us all.
And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chuſe
Will aſk obſervance, and exact her dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious ſermon here is at an end.
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies;
Moſt worthy kinſman, faith you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are fools; and muſt reſign the cauſe
To Heath'niſh authors, proverbs, and old ſaws.
He ſpoke with ſcorn, and turn'd another away:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo, ſay?
I ſay, quoth he, by Heav'n the man's to blame,
To ſlander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council roſe, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full conſent, that, all diſputes appeas'd,
The Knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his ſoul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd tyrant of his breaſt;
Whilſt Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in ſome public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror ſhows the figures moving by;

Still one by one, in ſwift ſucceſſion, paſs
The gliding ſhadows o'er the poliſh'd glaſs.
This lady's charms the niceſt could not blame,
But vile ſuſpicions had aſpers'd her fame;
That was with ſenſe, but not with virtue bleſt;
And one had grace, that wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what nymph he ſhould obey,
He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her eaſy motion, her attractive air,
Her ſweet behaviour, her inchanting face,
Her moving ſoftneſs, and majeſtic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could diſpute his choice.
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all their pains were at an end.
Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a conſort worthy of my bed;
Let none oppoſe th' election, ſince on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliſs.
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent, and wiſe;
Chaſte, though not rich; and, though not nobly born,
Of honeſt parents, and may ſerve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n ſo pleaſe,
To paſs my age in ſanctity and eaſe;
And thank the Pow'rs, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely prize, and ſhare my bliſs with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happineſs is ſure.
One only doubt remains: full oft, I've heard,
By caſuiſts grave, and deep divines averr'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliſs of heav'n above, and earth below:
Now ſhould the nuptial pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the bleſſings of the future ſtate,
Thoſe endleſs joys were ill exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this doubt, and ſet my mind at eaſe.

This Juſtin heard, nor could his ſpleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the ſoul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it paſt your doubt whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs ſo far conſent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial ſtate approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One, that may do your bus'neſs to a hair;
Not e'en in wiſh your happineſs delay,
But prove the ſcourge to laſh you on your way:
Then to the ſkies your mounting ſoul ſhall go,
Swift as an arrow ſoaring from the bow!
Provided ſtill, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleaſures all your might employ,
Let Reaſon's rule your ſtrong deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe queſtions beyond all diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and diſmiſs your fear.
So ſaid, they roſe, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the propoſals made.
The parents, you may think, would ſoon comply;
The old have int'reſt ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When fortune favours, ſtill the fair are kind.
I paſs each previous ſettlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence diſplay
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the prieſt, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful bed to bleſs,
And made all ſure enough with holineſs.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The gueſts appear in order, ſide by ſide,
And, plac'd in ſtate, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's ſoft notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill trumpets mix their ſilver ſound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing muſic ring,
Theſe touch the vocal ſtops, and thoſe the trembling ſtring.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the ſounding clarion could inſpire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whoſe ſprightly ſtrain
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himſelf, the nuptial feaſt to grace,
(So poets ſing) was preſent on the place:
And lovely Venus, goddeſs of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open ſight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on ev'ry knight:
Pleas'd her beſt ſervant would his courage try,
No leſs in wedlock than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not ſpy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or ſo bright a bride.
Ye Bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial ſong,
Think not your ſofteſt numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs glories of this bliſsful day;
The joys are ſuch as far tranſcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded ſtooping age.
The beauteous dame ſate ſmiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her lord.
Not Heſter's ſelf, whoſe charms the Hebrews ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her Perſian king:
Bright as the riſing ſun in ſummer's day,
And freſh and blooming as the month of May;
The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his ſide,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd, with vaſt delight,
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Reſtleſs he ſate, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To ſpeed his bliſs, and haſte the happy hour.
Mean-time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And ſongs were ſung, and flowing bowls went round.

With

With od'rous ſpices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleaſure ſhone in ev'ry face.
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midſt of triumphs, ſigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious ſquire,
Conſum'd at heart, and fed a ſecret fire.
His lovely miſtreſs all his ſoul poſſeſt;
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and could take no reſt:
His taſk perform'd, he ſadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal flame.
The weary ſun, as learned poets write,
Forſook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring ſtars his abſent beams ſupply,
And night's dark mantle overſpread the ſky.
Then roſe the gueſts, and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t'undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs;
But firſt thought fit th' aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot eringoes ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whoſe uſe old bards deſcribe in luſcious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the ſheets were ſpread, the bride undreſs'd,
The room was ſprinkled, and the bed was bleſs'd.
What next enſu'd beſeems not me to ſay;
'Tis ſung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briſkly ſprung from bed, with heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by night,
And ſipp'd his cordial as he ſat upright.
He kiſs'd his balmy ſpouſe with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he caſt;
For ev'ry labour muſt have reſt at laſt.
But anxious cares the penſive Squire oppreſt,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſt;

The raging flames that in his boſom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell:
Yet hoping time th' occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a ſonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the niceſt art,
He wrapt in ſilk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the ſun,)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride,
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her ſide.
High maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the hall;
The ſervants round ſtood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was abſent from the board,
And much his ſickneſs griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his ſpouſe, attended with her train,
To viſit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one conſent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſat the gentle May:
Where, as ſhe try'd his pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A heaving ſigh, and caſt a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine
With ſecret vows, to favour his deſign.
Who ſtudies now but diſcontented May?
On her ſoft couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh huſband ſnor'd away the night,
'Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought herſelf in heav'n or hell:
Honeſt and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all aroſe to pray.
Were it by forceful Deſtiny decreed,
Or did from Chance, or Nature's pow'r proceed;
Or that ſome ſtar, with aſpect kind to love,
Shed its ſelecteſt influence from above;
Whatever was the cauſe, the tender dame
Felt the firſt motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impreſſions of the love-ſick Squire,
And waſted in the ſoft infectious fire.

Ye

Ye Fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor adorer ſure had hang'd or drown'd;
But ſhe, your ſex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my Tale: Some ſages have defin'd
Pleaſure the ſov'reign bliſs of humankind:
Our Knight (who ſtudied much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd his high philoſophy from thoſe;
For, like a prince, he bore the vaſt expence
Of laviſh pomp, and proud magnificence:
His houſe was ſtately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His ſpacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with walls of ſolid ſtone;
Priapus could not half deſcribe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long deſcriptions, and exceed romance:
Enough to ſhame the gentleſt bard that ſings
Of painted meadows, and of purling ſprings.

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground
A cryſtal fountain ſpread its ſtreams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this ſpring (if ancient Fame ſay true)
The dapper elves their moon-light ſports purſue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprites a merry concert made,
And airy muſic warbled through the ſhade.

Hither the noble Knight would oft repair,
(His ſcene of pleaſure, and peculiar care;)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The ſilver key that lock'd the garden-door.
To this ſweet place in ſummer's ſultry heat,
He us'd from noiſe and buſ'neſs to retreat;
And here in dalliance ſpend the live-long day,
Solus cum ſola, with his ſprightly May:
For whate'er work was undiſcharg'd a-bed,
The duteous Knight in this fair garden ſped.

But ah! what mortal lives of bliſs ſecure?
How ſhort a ſpace our worldly joys endure!
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monſter, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleaſing poiſon, and with ſoft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,
Amidſt his eaſe, his ſolace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's laſt relief.
The rage of jealouſy then ſeiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
His wife not ſuffer'd from his ſide to ſtray,
Was captive kept; he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleaſures, and confin'd her ſway.
Full oft in tears did hapleſs May complain,
And ſigh'd full oft; but ſigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For oh, 'twas fix'd; ſhe muſt poſſeſs or die!
Nor leſs impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with deſire.
Watch'd as ſhe was, yet could he not refrain
By ſecret writing to diſcloſe his pain:
The dame by ſigns reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conſcious what each other meant.
Ah! gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Though they could ſee as far as ſhips can ſail?
'Tis better, ſure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can ſee!
Argus himſelf, ſo cautious and ſo wiſe,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honeſt huſband may, 'tis known,
Who, wiſely, never thinks the caſe his own.
The dame at laſt, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave the impreſſion to the truſty Squire.
By means of this ſome wonder ſhall appear,
Which, in due place and ſeaſon, you may hear.

Well

Well ſung ſweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What flight is that which Love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thiſbe plainly ſhow
The feats true lovers, when they liſt, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet in ſpite of all,
They found the art of kiſſing through a wall.
But now no longer from our Tale to ſtray,
It happ'd, that once upon a ſummer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
He rais'd his ſpouſe ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he ſung.
Awake, my love, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes:
Ariſe, my wife, my beauteous lady, riſe!
Hear how the doves with penſive notes complain,
And in ſoft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's paſt; the clouds and tempeſts fly;
The ſun adorns the fields, and brightens all the ſky.
Fair without ſpot, whoſe ev'ry charming part
My boſom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleaſures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.
This heard, to Damain ſtraight a ſign ſhe made
To haſte before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret and undeſcry'd he took his way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was ſure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate ſecure.
Here let us walk, he ſaid, obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of pleaſures to the world unknown:
So may my ſoul have joy, as thou my wife
Art for the deareſt ſolace of my life:
And rather would I chuſe, by Heav'n above,
To die this inſtant, than to loſe thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my paſſion ſhown,
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And ſought no treaſure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of ſight,
Whilſt thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age, nor blindneſs, rob me of delight.

Each other loſs with patience I can bear,
The loſs of thee is what I only fear.
Conſider then, my lady and my wife,
The ſolid comforts of a virtuous life.
As firſt, the love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And, laſtly, that which ſure your mind muſt move,
My whole eſtate ſhall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's ſun
Diſplays his light, by Heav'n it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the contract with a holy kiſs,
And will perform, by this---my dear, and this---
Have comfort, ſpouſe, nor think thy lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealouſy, that fires my mind:
For when thy charms my ſober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear ſide I have no pow'r to part,
Such ſecret tranſports warm my melting heart.
For who that once poſſeſs'd thoſe heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment abſent from thy arms?
He ceas'd, and May with modeſt grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd)
Heav'n knows (with that a tender ſigh ſhe drew)
I have a ſoul to ſave as well as you;
And, what no leſs you to my charge commend,
My deareſt honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's ſacred band:
Yet after this, if you diſtruſt my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear:
Firſt may the yawning earth her boſom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive deſcend;
Or die the death I dread no leſs than hell,
Sew'd in a ſack, and plung'd into a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loath a whore, and ſtartle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to ſuſpect:

Elſe why theſe needleſs cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe doubts and fears of female conſtancy?
This chime ſtill rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only ſtrain a wife muſt hope to hear.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, a ſidelong glance ſhe caſt,
Where Damian, kneeling, worſhip'd as ſhe paſt.
She ſaw him watch the motions of her eye,
And ſingled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly ſhow,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obſequious Squire addreſs'd his pace,
And climbing, in the ſummit took his place:
The Knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our Tale purſue.
'Twas now the ſeaſon when the glorious ſun
His heav'nly progreſs thro' the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields:
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden ſtreams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It ſo befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The fairies ſported on the garden-ſide,
And in the midſt their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights ſo nimbly o'r the greenſword bound,
That ſcarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daiſies ſearch'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of riſing green,
Thus, with a frown, the King beſpoke his Queen.
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women uſe to man:
A thouſand authors have this truth made out,
And ſad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heav'n reſt thy ſpirit, noble Solomon,
A wiſer monarch never ſaw the ſun:

All

All wealth, all honours, the ſupreme degree
Of earthly bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!
For ſagely haſt thou ſaid, Of all mankind,
One only juſt, and righteous, hope to find:
But ſhouldſt thou ſearch the ſpacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus ſays the King who knew your wickedneſs;
The Son of Sirach teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring plague conſume you all;
As well you view the lecher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you ſee:
But ſince he's blind and old (a helpleſs caſe)
His Squire ſhall cuckold him before your face.
Now by my own dread majeſty I ſwear,
And by this awful ſceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch ſhall 'ſcape unpuniſh'd long,
That in my preſence offer's ſuch a wrong.
I will this inſtant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very act, reſtore his ſight:
And ſet the ſtrumpet here in open view,
A warning to theſe ladies, and to you,
And all the faithleſs ſex, for ever to be true.
And will you ſo, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's ſoul, it is decreed,
She ſhall not want an anſwer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, Ill engage,
And all the ſex in each ſucceeding age;
Art ſhall be theirs to varniſh an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a ſtrict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they ſhall need is to proteſt and ſwear,
Breathe a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wiſe huſbands, gull'd by arts like theſe,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geeſe.
What though this ſland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiſer wits of later times declare
How conſtant, chaſte, and virtuous, women are:

Witneſs

Witneſs the martyrs, who reſign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witneſs next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Porcia, and Lucretia fell.
But ſince the ſacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why ſhould not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That ſov'reign goodneſs dwells in him alone,
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worſt; ſhall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon hath ſaid?
What though this king (as ancient ſtory boaſts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hoſts;
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh praiſes you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater;
Whoſe reign indulgent God, ſays holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous ſake permit;
David, the Monarch after Heaven's own mind,
Who lov'd our ſex, and honour'd all our kind.
Well, I'm a woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak;
Silence would ſwell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I ſcorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heav'n, thoſe authors are our ſex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I muſt and will oppoſe.
Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth;
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd Knight again ſhould ſee,
It muſt be done---I am a King, ſaid he,
And one whoſe faith has ever ſacred been---
And ſo has mine (ſhe ſaid)---I am a Queen;
Her anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all diſpute I make.
Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my Lord,
It is not in our ſex to break our word.
We leave them here in this heroic ſtrain,
And to the Knight our ſtory turns again;

Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckow or the jay:
This was his ſong; "Oh kind and conſtant be,
"Conſtant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew,
By eaſy ſteps to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She ſtopp'd, and ſighing; Oh good Gods! ſhe cry'd,
What pangs, what ſudden ſhoots diſtend my ſide;
O for that tempting fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Queen;
Help, deareſt Lord, and ſave at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore ſigh'd the Knight to hear his lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no ſervant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-ſight too,
What could, alas! a helpleſs huſband do?
And muſt I languiſh then, ſhe ſaid, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for Charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might aſcend the tree:
Do you but ſtoop, and leave the reſt to me.
With all my ſoul, he thus reply'd again!
I'd ſpend my deareſt blood to eaſe thy pain.
With that his back againſt the trunk he bent!
She ſeiz'd a twig, and up the tree ſhe went.
Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phraſe refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honeſt is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I paſs, as gambols never known to you;
But ſure it was a merrier fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her life ſhe ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden ſight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whoſe thoughts were on his ſpouſe intent;

But

But when he ſaw his boſom-wife ſo dreſs'd,
His rage was ſuch as cannot be expreſs'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted ſky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he ſtorm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what doſt thou do there?
What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my huſband ſee,
By ſtruggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whoſe crime was too much love!
If this be ſtruggling, by this holy light,
'Tis ſtruggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight;)
So Heav'n preſerve the ſight it has reſtor'd,
As with theſe eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my ſlave---perfidious wretch! may Hell
As ſurely ſeize thee, as I ſaw too well.
Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May;
Pray Heav'n this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing words to me:
So help me, Fates! as 'tis no perfect ſight,
But ſome faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.
What I have ſaid (quoth he) I muſt maintain,
For by th' immortal Powr's it ſeem'd too plain---
By all thoſe Pow'rs, ſome frenzy ſeiz'd your mind,
(Reply'd the dame:) are theſe the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo kind!
She ſaid, a riſing ſigh expreſs'd her woe;
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell ſhe wip'd from either eye
The drops; (for women, when they liſt, can cry.)
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorſe, while thus his ſpouſe he cheer'd:
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort anger o'er!
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:

Excuſe me, dear, if aught amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my ſoul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveneſs draw;
By Heav'n, I ſwore but what I thought I ſaw.
Ah, my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare ſuſpicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your ſight's eſtabliſh'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your ſenſe beguile.
Thus, when from ſleep we firſt our eyes diſplay,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And duſky vapours riſe, and intercept the day:
So juſt recov'ring from the ſhades of night,
Your ſwimming eyes are drunk with ſudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and ſkim before your ſight.
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heav'n knows how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er ſpoke oracle more true than this;
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.
With that ſhe leap'd into her lord's embrace,
With well-diſſembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with doubts and jealouſies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bleſs'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing ſpouſe.
Thus ends our Tale, whoſe moral next to make,
Let all wiſe huſbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleaſure of their lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

HER PROLOGUE. FROM CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife;
To dear-bought wiſdom give the credit due,
And think for once a woman tells you true.
In all theſe trials I have borne a part;
I was myſelf the ſcourge that caus'd the ſmart;
For ſince fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive huſbands from the church to bed.
Chriſt ſaw a wedding once, the Scripture ſays,
And ſaw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence ſome infer, whoſe conſcience is too nice,
No pious Chriſtian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and ſolve me, if they can,
The words addreſs'd to the Samaritan;
Five times in lawful wedlock ſhe was join'd;
And ſure the certain ſtint was ne'er defin'd.
"Increaſe and multiply" was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly underſtand.
This too, "Let men their ſires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or elſe the wiſeſt of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myſelf full many a merry fit,
And truſt in Heav'n I may have many yet;
For when my tranſitory ſpouſe, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Chriſtian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never ſerve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in aſſembling fire and tow;
I grant them that; and what it means you know.
The ſame apoſtle, too, has elſewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counſel—and we women ſtill
Take which we like, the counſel or our will.
I envy not their bliſs, if he or ſhe
Think fit to live in perfect chaſtity:
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I for a few ſlight ſpots am not ſo nice.

Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways; on theſe beſtows
One proper gift, another grants to thoſe:
Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to ſell his ſtore,
And give up all his ſubſtance to the poor:
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But by your leaves, Divines! ſo am not I.
Full many a ſaint, ſince firſt the world began,
Liv'd an unſpotted maid in ſpite of man:
Let ſuch (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honeſt wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the poſt aſſign'd by Heav'n,
And uſe the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good ſpouſe pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his but mine;
For ſo ſaid Paul, and Paul's a ſoul divine.
Know then, of thoſe five huſbands I have had,
Three were juſt tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich, and fond beſide,
And toil'd moſt piteouſly to pleaſe their bride;
But ſince their wealth (the beſt they had) was mine,
The reſt without much loſs I could reſign:
Sure to be lov'd I took no pains to pleaſe,
Yet had more pleaſure far than they had eaſe.
Preſents flow'd in apace: with ſhow'rs of gold
They made their court, like Jupiter of old:
If I but ſmil'd a ſudden youth they found,
And a new palſy ſeiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye ſov'reign Wives! give ear, and underſtand,
Thus ſhall ye ſpeak, and exerciſe command;
For never was it giv'n to mortal man
To lie ſo boldly as we women can;
Forſwear the fact, tho' ſeen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witneſs how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to ſay,)
Whence is our neighbour's wife ſo rich and gay?
Treated, careſs'd, where'er ſhe's pleas'd to roam—
I ſit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her houſe doſt thou ſo oft' repair?
Art thou ſo am'rous? and is ſhe ſo fair?

If I but ſee a couſin or a friend,
Lord! how you ſwell and rage like any fiend?
But you reel home, a drunken beaſtly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your eaſy chair:
Cry Wives are falſe, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you ſay) ſhe drains her huſband's purſe;
If rich, ſhe keeps her prieſt, or ſomething worſe;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns poſſeſs her brain;
Now gaily mad, now ſourly ſplenetic,
Freakiſh when well, and fretful when ſhe's ſick;
If fair, then chaſte ſhe cannot long abide,
By preſſing youth attack'd on ev'ry ſide;
If foul, her wealth the luſty lover lures,
Or elſe her wit ſome fooll-gallant procures,
Or elſe ſhe dances with becoming grace,
Or ſhape excuſes the defects of face.
There ſwims no gooſe ſo gray, but, ſoon or late,
She finds ſome honeſt gander for her mate.
Horſes (thou ſay'ſt) and aſſes men may try,
And ring ſuſpected veſſels ere they buy;
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take;
They dream in courtſhip, but in wedlock wake;
Then, nor till then, the veil is mov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preſerve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes muſt always languiſh on my face,
Your tongue with conſtant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each ſentence with My life! my dear!
If by ſtrange chance a modeſt bluſh be rais'd,
Be ſure my fine complexion muſt be prais'd.
My garments always muſt be new and gay,
And feaſts ſtill kept upon my wedding-day;
Then muſt my nurſe be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endleſs treats and endleſs viſits paid
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies:
All this thou ſay'ſt, and all thou ſay'ſt are lies.
On Jenkin, too, you caſt a ſquinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raiſe your jealouſy?

Freſh

Freſh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burniſh'd gold his curling hair;
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy ſorrow,
I'd ſcorn your 'prentice ſhould you die to-morrow.
Why are thy cheſts all lock'd? on what deſign?
Are not thy wordly goods and treaſures mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor ſhall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourſelf alone.
One you ſhall quit in ſpite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the ſpies.
If you had wit, you'd ſay, "Go where you will,
"Dear ſpouſe! I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life;
"I know thee for a virtuous faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough what need you care
How merrily ſoever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not ſufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a juſt and rational deſire
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modeſt that are gay.
The cat, if you but ſinge her tabby ſkin,
The chimney keeps, and ſits content within;
But once grown ſleek will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the ſun;
She licks her fair round face, and friſks abroad
To ſhew her fur, and to be caterwaul'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my deſires
Theſe three right ancient venerable ſires.
I told 'em, Thus you ſay and thus you do;
I told 'em falſe, but Jenkin ſwore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And firſt complain'd whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft' with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs ſcarce dragg'd them out of doors;
And ſwore the rambles that I took by night
Were all to ſpy what damſels they bedight:
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.

Heav'n

Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To ſpin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct and this prudent courſe,
By murm'ring, wheedling, ſtratagem, and force,
I ſtill prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a reſtleſs night.
If once my huſband's arm was o'er my ſide,
What! ſo familiar with your ſpouſe? I cry'd:
I levy'd firſt a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our ſex is to be ſold.
With empty hands no taſſels you can lure,
But fulſome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old;
And heave, and pant, and kiſs, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces curſes oft' I mixt,
Then kiſs'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear diſpute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himſelf had ſat at table;
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I ſpoke;
" Billy, my dear! how ſheepiſhly you look!
" Approach, my ſpouſe! and let me kiſs thy cheek;
" Thou ſhouldſt be always thus, reſign'd and meek.
" Of Job's great patience ſince ſo oft' you preach,
" Well ſhould you practice who ſo well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I muſt allow,
" But I, my deareſt! will inſtruct you how.
" Great is the bleſſing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domeſtic ſtrife.
" One of us two muſt rule and one obey;
" And ſince in man right reaſon bears the ſway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender huſbands, and their paſſions cool'd.
" Fy! 'tis unmanly thus to ſigh and groan:
" What! would you have me to yourſelf alone?
" Why, take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
" Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.

" Would I vouchſafe to ſell what Nature gave,
" You little think what cuſtom I could have.
" But ſee! I'm all your own—nay hold—for ſhame!
" What means my dear?--indeed--you are to blame."
Thus with my firſt three lords I paſs'd my life,
A very woman and a very wife.
What ſums from theſe old ſpouſes I could raiſe
Procur'd young huſbands in my riper days.
Tho' paſt my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,
And ſung as ſweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe and refreſh my ſoul,
Full oft' I drain'd the ſpicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luſcious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the ſwelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as ſure as cold engenders hail,
A liqu'riſh mouth muſt have a lech'rous tail:
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gameſters by experience know.
But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I caſt
On all the joys of youth and beauty paſt,
To find in pleaſures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conqueſts, all my charms, good night!
The flour conſum'd, the beſt that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear ſpouſe was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miſs or two:
But all that ſcore I paid.—As how? you'll ſay;
Not with my body in a filthy way;
But I ſo dreſs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes ſo very kind
As ſtung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage and frantic jealouſy.
His ſoul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft' when his ſhoe the moſt ſeverely wrung
He put on careleſs airs, and ſat and ſung.

How

How ſore I gall'd him only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd when laſt from pilgrimage I came,
With other goſſips, from Jeruſalem;
And now lies bury'd underneath a rood,
Fair to be ſeen, and rear'd of honeſt wood:
A tomb, indeed, with fewer ſculptures grac'd
Than that Mauſolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where enſhrin'd the great Darius lay;
But coſt on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bleſs the good man's ſoul! I ſay no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the laſt and beſt;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlaſting reſt!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can ſhew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet with a knack my heart he could have won,
While yet the ſmart was ſhooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in woman reigns!
Free gifts we ſcorn, and love what coſts us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes proviſion cheap.
In pure good-will I took this jovial ſpark,
Of Oxford he, a moſt egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A truſty goſſip, one Dame Aliſon;
Full well the ſecrets of my ſoul ſhe knew,
Better than e'er our pariſh prieſt could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my huſband piſs'd againſt a wall,
Or done a thing that might have coſt his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what moſt he would conceal
To theſe I made no ſcruple to reveal.
Oft' has he bluſh'd from ear to ear for ſhame
That e'er he told a ſecret to his dame.
It ſo befell, in holy time of Lent,
That oft' a-day I to this goſſip went;
(My huſband, thank my ſtars, was out of town,)
From houſe to houſe we rambled up and down,

This

This clerk, myſelf, and my good neighbour Alſe,
To ſee, be ſeen, to tell, and gather tales.
Viſits to ev'ry church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy maſquerade;
The ſtations duly and the vigils kept;
Not much we faſted, but ſcarce ever ſlept.
At ſermons, too, I ſhone in ſcarlet gay;
The waſting moth ne'er ſpoil'd my beſt array;
The cauſe was this, I wore it ev'ry day.
'Twas when freſh May her early bloſſoms yields
This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew ſo intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my huſband in his urn,
That he, and only he, ſhould ſerve my turn.
We ſtraight ſtruck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I ſtill have ſhifts againſt a time of need.
The mouſe that always truſts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.
I vow'd I ſcarce could ſleep ſince firſt I knew him,
And durſt be ſworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I ſlept I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have ſhown.
All this I ſaid; but dreams, Sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day and month by month was paſt;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my ſpouſe at laſt.
I tore my gown, I ſoil'd my locks with duſt,
And beat my breaſts, as wretched widows—muſt.
Before my face my handkerchief I ſpread
To hide the floods of tears I did—not ſhed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
Around the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn:
But as he march'd, good Gods! he ſhow'd a pair
Of legs and feet ſo clean, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair!
Of twenty winters' age he ſeem'd to be:
I (to ſay truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous ſtill, a lively buxom dame,
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.

A conj'rer

A conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
Aſſur'd me Mars in Taurus was my ſign.
As the ſtars order'd, ſuch my life has been:
Alas, alas! that ever love was ſin!
Fair Venus gave me fire and ſprightly grace,
And Mars aſſurance and a dauntleſs face.
By virtue of this pow'rful conſtellation
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale. A month ſcarce paſs'd away,
With dance and ſong we kept the nuptial day.
All I poſſeſs'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, houſe, and land;
But oft repented, and repent it ſtill;
He prov'd a rebel to my ſov'reign will:
Nay once, by Heav'n! he ſtruck me on the face.
Here but the fact, and judge yourſelves the caſe.
Stubborn as any lioneſs was I,
And knew full well to raiſe my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be ſo in ſpite of all he ſwore.
He againſt this right ſagely would adviſe,
And old examples ſet before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And cloſe the ſermon, as beſeem'd his wit,
With ſome grave ſentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft' would he ſay, Who builds his houſe on ſands,
Pricks his blind horſe acroſs the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deſerves a fool's cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
And ſo do numbers more I'll boldly ſay,
Men, women, clergy, regular and lay.
My ſpouſe (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatiſe oft' at ev'ning read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound:
Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part;
Chryſippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,

Solomon's Proverbs, Eliſa's Loves,
And many more than ſure the Church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives
Than good in all the Bible and Saints' Lives.
Who drew the lion vanquiſh'd? 'Twas a man;
But could we women write as ſcholars can,
Men ſhould ſtand mark'd with far more wickedneſs
Than all the ſons of Adam could redreſs.
Love ſeldom haunts the breaſt where learning lies,
And Venus ſets ere Mercury can riſe.
Thoſe play the ſcholars who can't play the men,
And uſe that weapon which they have, their pen:
When old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
Then down they ſit, and in their dotage write
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpoſe now.)
It chanc'd my huſband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book aloud with ſtrange delight,
How the firſt female (as the Scriptures ſhow)
Brought her own ſpouſe and all his race to woe;
How Samſon fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd ſhirt, and ſet on fire;
How curs'd Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambuſh Clytemneſtra laid;
But what moſt pleas'd him was the Cretan dame
And huſband-bull---Oh, monſtrous! fy for ſhame!
He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft' ſhe ſcolded in a day he knew,
How many piſpots on the ſage ſhe threw,
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head:
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he ſaid.
He read how Arius to his friend complain'd
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives ſucceſſively had twin'd
A ſliding nooſe, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant, reply'd the friend, oh! where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear:
Give me ſome ſlip of this moſt bliſsful tree,
And in my garden planted ſhall it be.

Then

Then how two wives their lords' deſtruction prove,
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
That for her huſband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for luſt an am'rous philtre bought:
This nimble juice ſoon ſeiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How ſome with ſwords their ſleeping lords have ſlain,
And ſome have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And ſome have drench'd them with a deadly potion:
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and ſwell'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of theſe vile tales I found,
When ſtill he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus conſum'd in vain,
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my huſband in a fury roſe,
And down he ſettled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my ſide;
Oh! thou haſt ſlain me for my wealth, I cry'd:
Yet I forgive thee---take my laſt embrace---
He wept, kind ſoul! and ſtoop'd to kiſs my face:
I took him ſuch a box as turn'd him blue,
Then ſigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty ſtruggle paſt,
I condeſcended to be pleas'd at laſt.
Soon as he ſaid, My miſtreſs and my wife!
Do what you liſt the term of all your life,
I took to heart the merits of the cauſe,
And ſtood content to rule by wholeſome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of abſolute command,
With all the government of houſe and land,
And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now Heav'n on all my huſbands gone beſtow
Pleaſures above for tortures felt below:
That reſt they wiſh'd for grant them in the grave,
And bleſs thoſe ſouls my conduct help'd to ſave.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

SHE ſaid, and for her loſt Galanthis ſighs,
When the fair conſort of her ſon replies;
Since you a ſervant's raviſh'd form bemoan,
And kindly ſigh for ſorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a ſiſter's ſtranger fate.
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myſelf the offspring of a ſecond bride.)
This nymph, compreſs'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian iſle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and, bleſs'd in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a god, ſucceeded to her arms.
A lake there was with ſhelving banks around,
Whoſe verdant ſummit fragrant myrtles crown'd:
Theſe ſhades, unknowing of the Fates, ſhe ſought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought:
Her ſmiling babe (a pleaſing charge) ſhe preſt
Within her arms, and nouriſh'd at her breaſt.

DIXIT: et, admonitu veteris commota miniſtræ,
Ingemuit; quam ſic nurus eſt affata dolentem
Te tamen, ô genitrix, alienæ ſanguine veſtro
Rapta movet facies. Quid ſi tibi mira ſororis
Fata meæ referam? quanquam lacrymæque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. Fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex aliâ genuit) notiſſima formâ
Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei paſſam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andræmon; et habetur conjuge felix.
Eſt lacus acclivi devexo margine formam
Litoris efficiens: ſummum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope, fatorum neſcia; quoque
Indignere magis, nymphis latura coronas.
Inque ſinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat.

Not diſtant far a wat'ry lotos grows;
The ſpring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with bloſſoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of theſe ſhe cropp'd to pleaſe her infant ſon,
And I myſelf the ſame raſh act had done;
But, lo! I ſaw (as near her ſide I ſtood)
The violated bloſſoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I caſt a frightful look;
The trembling tree with ſudden horror ſhook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawleſs luſt ſhe flew,
Forſook her form, and, fixing here, became
A flow'ry plant, which ſtill preſerves her name.
This change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
My trembling ſiſter ſtrove to urge her flight;
And firſt the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And thoſe offended ſylvan pow'rs ador'd:
But when ſhe backward would have fled, ſhe found
Her ſtiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground.
In vain to free her faſten'd feet ſhe ſtrove,
And as ſhe ſtruggles only moves above;
She feeels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below.

Haud procul à ſtagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In ſpem baccharum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpſerat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
Porrigeret flores: et idem factura videbar
(Namque aderam.) Vidi guttas è flore cruentas
Decidere, et tremulo ramos horrore moveri.
Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agreſtes,
Lotis in hanc nymphe, fugiens obſcœna Priapi,
Contulerat verſos ſervato nomine vultus.
Neſcierat ſoror hoc; quæ cùm perterrita retrò
Ire et adoratis vellet deſcedere nymphis,
Hæſerunt radice pedes. Convellere pugnat:
Nec quicquam, niſi ſumma, movet. Succreſcit ab imo,
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.

Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand ſhe heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair the ſhooting leaves are ſeen
To riſe, and ſhade her with a ſudden green.
The child Amphiſſus, to her boſom preſt,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breaſt,
And found the ſprings, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moiſture, on a ſudden dry'd.
I ſaw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And ſtood the helpleſs witneſs of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy riſing bark delay'd,
There wiſh'd to grow, and mingle ſhade with ſhade.
Behold Andræmon and the unhappy ſire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire:
A ſpringing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kiſſes on the panting rind.
Proſtrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And cloſe embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf diſtils a trickling tear;

Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tenebant.
At puer Amphiſſos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigeſcere ſentit
Ubera: nec ſequitur ducentem lacteus humor.
Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis, opemque
Non poteram tibi ferre, ſoror: quantumque valebam,
Creſcentem truncum ramoſque amplexa, morabar:
Et (fateor) volui ſub eodem cortice condi.
Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miſerrimus, adſunt;
Et quærunt Dryopen; Dryopen quærentibus illis
Oſtendi Loton. tepido dant oſcula ligno:
Affuſique ſuæ radicibus arboris hærent.
Nil niſi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
Chara ſoror, lacrymæ verſo de corpore factis
Irrorant foliis: ac dum licet, oraque præſtant

And ſtraight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in ſighs complains.
If to the wretch'd any faith be giv'n,
I ſwear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be falſe, let theſe new greens decay,
Let ſounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let ſome kind nurſe ſupply a mother's care;
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her ſhades, and in her ſhades be fed:
Teach him, when firſt his infant voice ſhall frame
Imperfect words, and liſp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and ſay, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapleſs parent lies:
And when in youth he ſeeks the ſhady woods,
Oh! let him fly the cryſtal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddeſs ſhrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My ſire, my ſiſter, and my ſpouſe farewell!
If in your breaſts or love or pity dwell
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browſing cattle or the piercing ſteel.

Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra queſtus:
Si qua fides miſeris, hoc me per numina juror
Non meruiſſe nefas. patior ſinè crimine pœnam.
Viximus innocuæ ſi mentior, arida perdam,
Quas habeo, frondes, et cæſa ſecuribus urar.
Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
Et date nutrici; noſtraque ſub arbore ſæpe
Lac facitote bibat, noſtrâque ſub arbore ludat.
Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote ſalutet,
Et triſtis dicat, Latet hôc ſub ſtipite mater.
Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
Et frutices omnes corpus putet eſſe Dearum.
Chare, vale, conjux, et tu germana paterque!
Queis si qua eſt pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis,
A pecoris morſu, frondes defendite noſtras.

Farewell! and ſince I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at leaſt to mine.
My ſon, thy mother's parting kiſs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiſs to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My cloſing lips, and hides my head in ſhades:
Remove your hands, the bark ſhall ſoon ſuffice
Without their aid to ſeal theſe dying eyes."
She ceas'd at once to ſpeak and ceas'd to be,
And all the nymph was loſt within the tree;
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non eſt,
Erigite huc artus, et ad oſcula noſtra venite,
Dum tangi poſſunt, parvumque attollite natum.
Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis
Colla liber ſerpit, ſummoque cacumine condor.
Ex oculis removete manus: ſinè munere veſtro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
Deſierant ſimul ora loqui ſimul eſſe: diuque
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO. OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood,
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind:

Yet gave me in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more then hell to ſhun,
That more than heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives:
T'enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save

Save me alike from fooliſh pride
Or impious diſcontent;
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me, wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All elſe beneath the ſun
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's incenſe riſe!

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

[*Written in the Year* 1709.]

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AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

PART I.

'TIS hard to ſay if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience than miſlead our ſenſe:
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe;
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more cloſely we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines tho' touch'd but faintly are drawn right:
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools:
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpite,
There are who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.

Some have at firſt for wits, then poets, paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.

Some neither can for wits nor critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal;
To tell them would an hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might an hundred tire.
But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning, go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
Firſt follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring Nature! ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt, of art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides,
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills, the whole;

Each

Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains,
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuſe
Want as much more to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide than ſpur the Muſes' ſteed,
Reſtrain his fury than provoke his ſpeed:
The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shows moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.
Thoſe Rules of old, diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodiz'd:
Nature, like liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n;
The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the Muſe's handmaid prov'd
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd;
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd;
Who could not win the miſtreſs woo'd the maid;
Againſt the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey;
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:
Some dryly plain, without Invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
Theſe leave the ſenſe their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away. You

You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would
Know well each Ancient's proper character; [ſteer,
His fable, ſubjects, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticiſe.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring. [bring,
Still with itſelf compar'd his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.

When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign,
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence from ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles poetry; in each
Are nameleſs graces, which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end,)
Such lucky licenſe anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licenſe is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
And riſe to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.

In

In proſpects thus ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made,)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its end;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at leaſt their precedent to plead;
The critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties ev'n in them ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and miſ-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly or beheld too near,
Which but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft' are ſtratagems which errors ſeem;
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar ſtands
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands,
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear in all tongues conſenting pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty name ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire
The laſt, the meaneſt, of your ſons inſpire,

(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes,)
To teach vain wits a ſcience little known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!

PART II.

Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
For as in bodies thus in ſouls we find,
What wants in blood and ſpirits ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe:
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but, your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky!
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ; Survey,

Survey the whole, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts:
'Tis not a lip nor eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and even thine, O Rome!)
No ſingle parts unequally ſurpriſe,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length, appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles is a praiſe.
Moſt critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.

Once one a time La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian ſtage,
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;

Made

Made him obſerve the ſubject and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which exact to rule were brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſts left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knight,
"Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite."
"Not ſo, by Heav'n! (he anſwers in a rage;)
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
"So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain."
"Then build a new, or act it on a plain."
Thus critics of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form ſhort ideas, and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to Conceit alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit,
One glaring choas and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft' was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.
Others for Language all their care expreſs,
And value books as women men, for dreſs:
Their praiſe is ſtill—the ſtyle is excellent;
The ſenſe they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves, and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay; But

But true expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent as more ſuitable.
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd:
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſeveral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, mere Moderns in their ſenſe:
Such labour'd nothings in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky as Fungoſo in the play,
Theſe ſparks with awkward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires in their doublets dreſt.
In words as faſhions the ſame rule will hold,
Alike fantaſtic if too new or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.

But moſt by Numbers judge a poet's ſong,
And ſmooth or rough with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunts Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds, as ſome to church repair
Not for the doctrine but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft' the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers thro' the trees:"
If chryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threat'ned (not in vain) with "ſleep:"

Then,

Then, at the laſt and only couplet, fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That like a wounded ſnake drags its ſlow length along,
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line
Where Denham's ſtrength and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence;
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe.
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe,
While at each change the ſon of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of Nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!
The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes, and ſhun the fault of ſuch
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence;
That always ſhews great pride or little ſenſe:
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve.
As things ſeem large which we thro' miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers ſome our own deſpiſe;
The Ancients only or the Moderns prize.

Thus

Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Tho' each may feel increaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days:
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the Town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with quality;
A conſtant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my Lord.
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonnetteer or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtyle refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus thro' imitation err,
As oft the learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right they purpoſely go wrong.
So ſchiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A Muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.

Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons no doubt will think us ſo.
Once ſchool-divines this zealous iſle o'erſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences was deepeſt read:
Faith, goſpel, all ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted.
Scotiſts and Thomiſts now in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.
If faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft' leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation ſafe
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some, valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on thoſe of ſtate,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, againſt Dryden roſe
In various ſhapes of parſons, critics, beaus;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay, ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will Merit as its ſhade purſue,
But like a ſhadow proves the ſubſtance true;
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſsneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt who ſtays till all commend.

Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears
When patriarch wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt:
Our ſons their fathers' failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt;
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit ſo much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah! let not learning too commence its foe.
Of old thoſe met rewards who could excel,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;

And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools;
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what baſe ends and by what abject ways
Are mortals urg'd thro' ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah! ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the critic let the man be loſt.
Good nature and good ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.
But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain,
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.
No pardon vile obſcenity ſhould find,
Tho' wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But dulneſs with obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe:
When love was all an eaſy monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war,
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay wits had penſions, and young lords had wit;
The fair ſat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a maſk went unimprov'd away;
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The foll'wing licenſe of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where Heav'n's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!

Yet

Yet ſhun their fault who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice:
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

PART III.

LEARN then what morals critics ought to ſhow,
For 'tis but half a judge's taſk to know.
'Tis not enough taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak let truth and candour ſhine;
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow, but ſeek your friendſhip too.
Be ſilent always when you doubt your ſenſe,
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive perſiſting fops we know,
Who if once wrong will needs be always ſo;
But you with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
And make each day a critique on the laſt.
'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true,
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſehoods do:
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might critics ſtill this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd, to be dull:
Such without wit are poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful ſatires,
And flattery to fulſome dedicators,

Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribbling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on their drowſy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew their race,
As after ſtumbling jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such ſhameleſs bards we have; and yet 'tis true
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſt'ning to himſelf appears:
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him moſt authors ſteal their works or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend;
Nay, ſhow'd his faults---but when would poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's Church more ſafe than Paul's Church-yard:
Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead;
For fools ruſh in where angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know;
Unbiaſs'd

Unbiaſs'd or by favour or by ſpite,
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd nor blindly right:
Tho' learn'd well-bred, and tho' well-bred ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanely ſevere;
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe;
Bleſs'd with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd,
A knowledge both of books and human-kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And loves to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
Such once were Critics; ſuch the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian ſtar.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws, and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature ſhould preſide o'er wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He who, ſupreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong tranſlations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning with the courtier's eaſe.
In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The juſteſt rules and cleareſt method join'd.
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace;

But leſs to pleaſe the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws,
And is himſelf that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long ſucceeding critics juſtly reign'd,
Licenſe repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd:
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts ſtill follow'd where her Eagles flew;
From the ſame foes at laſt both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw Learning fall and Rome.
With Tyranny then Superſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good:
A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths began.
At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.
But ſee! each Muſe in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her ſiſter arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung:
Immortal Vida! on whoſe honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow!
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But ſoon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd:
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic learning flouriſh'd moſt in France: The

The rules a nation born to ſerve obeys,
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons! foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muſe whoſe rules and practice tell
"Nature's chief maſterpiece is writing well."
Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walſh---the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert,
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented Shade! receive;
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give:
The Muſe whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries;
Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH OF MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO

MR. WARBURTON.

BY J. BROWN, A. M.

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AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow ſped,
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty dead!
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart
That quench'd its rage in Your's and Britain's heart.
You mourn; but Britain, lull'd in reſt profound,
(Unconſcious Britain!) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night:
Rous'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign:
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn,
And ſnake-hung Envy hiſſes o'er his urn:
Th' envenom'd monſters ſpit their deadly foam
To blaſt the laurel that ſurrounds his tomb.
But you, O Warburton! whoſe eye refin'd
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
Can ſee each virtue and each grace unite,
And taſte the raptures of a pure delight;
You viſit oft' his awful page with care,
And view that bright aſſemblage treaſur'd there;
You trace the chain that links his deep deſign,
And pour new luſtre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muſe
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſues:
Intent from this great archetype to draw
Satire's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence his and Satire's gen'rous end.
In ev'ry breaſt there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of ſhame:
The paſſion one, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The liſping infant and the hoary ſire,
And youth and manhood, feel the heart-born fire:
The charms of praiſe the coy, the modeſt, woo,
And only fly that glory may purſue:

She,

She, pow'r reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great,
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city and the lowly ſhade,
And ſways alike the ſceptre and the ſpade.

Thus Heav'n in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man! in folly only wiſe,
Rejects the manna ſent him from the ſkies:
With rapture hears corrupted Paſſion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful ſhadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd ſubſtance quits the true;
Eager to catch the viſionary prize,
In queſt of glory plunges deep in vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry praiſe he pants to gain.

Thus ſtill imperious Nature plies her part,
And ſtill her dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each pow'r that ſov'reign Nature bids enjoy
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er deſtroy:
Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe virtues which they fed before.

And ſure the deadlieſt foe to virtue's flame,
Or worſt of evils, is perverted ſhame:
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled ſlaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſt,
We ſeek our virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakneſs, int'reſt, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Tir'd in the treach'rous chaſe, would nobly yield,
And, but for ſhame, like Sylla, quit the field:
The dæmon Shame paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe, "The world will call you fool."

Behold yon' wretch, by impious faſhion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he ſcoffs at Heav'n.

By

By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold thro' fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntleſs purſues the path Spinoza trod;
To man a coward, and a brave to God.
Faith, Juſtice, Heav'n itſelf, now quit their hold,
When to falſe fame the captiv'd heart is ſold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentleſs Cato dy'd;
Nought could ſubdue his virtue but his pride:
Hence chaſte Lucretia's innocence betray'd,
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes
When paſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.
Hence Satire's pow'r: 'tis her corrective part
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe;
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft' ſhe mourns thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the clouded cane:
Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd bee, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From pois'nous vice ſhe draws a healing dew.
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find
To quell the ferment of a tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapt in wiles,
And Force ſtrong-ſinew'd rends th' unequal toils;
The ſtream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too ſtrong.

Ev'n fair Religion, native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, ſeeks refuge with the wiſe;
The crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts and Juſtice frowns in vain.
But Satire's ſhaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt;
She plays a ruling paſſion on the reſt;
Undaunted ſtorms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the brave that earth and heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground,
Swift to redreſs an injur'd peoples' groan,
Bold Satire ſhakes the tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the ſordid train,
And ſlaves and ſycophants ſurround in vain.
But with the friends of Vice, the foes of Satire,
All truth is ſpleen, all juſt reproof ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muſe's fatal ſkill;
Well may they tremble when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof or lengthen'd ear;
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral ſhapes,
Turns ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, beaus to apes;
Drags the vile whiſp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.
O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true Good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of virtue wakes her ſcorn of vice.
Where juſtice calls 'tis cruelty to ſave,
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats virtue's foe is virtue's friend;
Then judge of Satire's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd;
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand than Satire's frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as that to bleſs, was giv'n,
Alike the faithful miniſters of Heav'n.
Oft' in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent;
Tho' ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.

They leaſt are paid who merit Satire moſt;
Folly the Laureat's, vice was Chartres' boaſt:
Then where's the wrong to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft' Satire acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful, is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal,
Tho' Folly raves to break the friendly ſteel:
Then ſure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whoſe is the crime the ſcandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: but, conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold, be ever juſt;
Nor court applauſe in theſe degen'rate days:
The villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.
But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As foplings grin to ſhow their teeth are white.
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
O loſt to Honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame!
Fell raviſher, from innocence to tear
That name than liberty, than life, more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return?
Or what repay thy guilt but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil;
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil:
With rage retorted wing the deadly dart,
And empty all its poiſon in thy heart.
With caution next the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
Let Satire then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.

Nor

Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind Ridicule conceives a jeſt;
Before whoſe altar Virtue oft' hath bled,
And oft' a deſtin'd victim ſhall be led:
Lo! Shaftſb'ry rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the ſlave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Profaneneſs ſpawns, pert dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the idiot guide for once is true;
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who therefore ſmil'd becauſe they ſaw a fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We therefore ſee a fool becauſe we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo! gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek;
Contemns each ſurly academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work Herculean wonders thro' the land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton! ſhall rage in vain;
In vain the trackleſs maze of truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man.
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine,
Her baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win,
And coxcombs vanquiſh Berkley by a grin.
But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That truth is e'er explor'd by ridicule:
On truth, on falſehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye.
Beware the mad advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's deſtruction or her own.

Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then mirth may urge when reaſon can explore;
This point the way, that waft us glad to ſhore.
Tho' diſtant times may riſe in Satire's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the preſent age:
With Wiſdom's luſtre Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning manners by the paſt;
Bid Britain's heroes (awful ſhades!) ariſe,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice;
Point back, to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the ſons bluſh at what their fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt,
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When low-born ſharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falſify'd the card, or cogg'd the die;
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſt,
Or public ſpirit was the public jeſt.
Be ever in a juſt expreſſion bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a ſcold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile and let her frown with grace;
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her ſpleen,
Nor, while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his Lordſhip ——, her Grace a ——.
The Muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail
When wrapp'd in Irony's tranſparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd the more ſurpriſe,
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd;
Style Clodius Honourable, Bufa Chaſte.
Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Whoe'er diſcharg'd artillery on a fly?
Deride not Vice; abſurd the thought and vain
To bind the tiger in ſo weak a chain.
Nay more; when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.

The

The Muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown
When Folly feels her ſmile, and Vice her frown.
Know next what meaſures to each theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe:
In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious peer
That mounts the box, and ſhines a charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of camps and ſenates diſciplin'd by Hoyle;
Patriots and chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades
And carries off the captive king—of Spades!
Let Satire here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gaily graceful ſport along the line;
Bid courtly Faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each affectation into ſenſe.
Not ſo when Virtue, by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muſes' aid;
When crimes, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay,
Riſe frontleſs, and inſult the eye of day;
Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires:
When rank Adult'ry on the genial bed,
Hot from Cocytus, rears her baleful head;
When private faith and public truſt are ſold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold;
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like Fate,
Saps the foundation of a ſinking ſtate;
When giant Vice and Irreligion riſe
On mountain'd falſehoods to invade the ſkies;
Then warmer numbers glow thro' Satire's page,
And all her ſmiles are darken'd into rage;
On eagle wings ſhe gains Parnaſſus' height,
Not lofty Epic ſoars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flaſh her lightnings, and her thunders fly:
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.

Yet Satire oft' aſſumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a ſmile ſerene:
She wounds reluctant, pours her balm with joy,
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye:
But chief when virtue, learning, arts, decline,
She joys to ſee unconquer'd Merit ſhine;
Where burſting glorious with departing ray
True genius gilds the cloſe of Britain's day:
With joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art
From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart;
Sees Yorke to fame e'er yet to manhood known,
And juſt to ev'ry virtue but his own;
Hears unſtain'd Cam with gen'rous pride proclaim
A ſage's, critic's, and a poet's name;
Behold where Widcombe's happy hills aſcend,
Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend;
To Hagley's honour'd ſhade directs her view,
And culls each flower to form a wreath for you.

But tread with cautious ſtep this dang'rous ground,
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:
Truth be your guide; diſdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's native luſtre that muſt ſhine;
The poet can but ſet it in his line:
And who, unmov'd with laughter, can behold
A ſordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold?
Let real merit then adorn your lays,
For ſhame attends on proſtituted praiſe;
And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honeſt heart.

Nor think the Muſe by Satire's law confin'd;
She yields deſcription of the nobleſt kind.
Inferior art the landſcape may deſign,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought eſſays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates paſſion, pictures man.
And great the toil the latent ſoul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolſey or a Cromwell riſe; Now,

Now, with a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Call forth a Cheſterfield's or Lonſdale's mind.
Here ſweet or ſtrong may ev'ry colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvaſs glow;
Of light and ſhade provoke the noble ſtrife,
And wake each ſtriking feature into life.

PART III.

THRO' ages thus has Satire keenly ſhin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had ſprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet ſung.
This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage:
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts and urge their flight.
Firſt on the ſons of Greece ſhe prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart:
To Latium next avenging Satire flew;
The flaming falchion rough Lucilius drew,
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then ſportive Horace caught the gen'rous fire,
For Satire's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre;
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And as it grew more poliſh'd grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ſly, cajoll'd the foes of ſenſe:
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But while he ſported drove it to the heart.
In graver ſtrains majeſtic Perſius wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought;
Greatly ſedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And laſh'd Corruption with a calm diſdain.
More ardent eloquence and boundleſs rage
Inflame bold Juvenal's exalted page;
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And ſwept audacious Greatneſs to its doom:
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.

But, lo! the fatal victor of mankind,
Swoln Luxury!—pale Ruin ſtalks behind!
As countleſs inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
To blaſt the ſpring and ravage ev'ry flow'r,
So barb'rous millions ſpread contagious death,
The ſick'ning laurel wither'd at her breath:
Deep Superſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the poppy ſprung:
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove;
Wit, ſpirit, freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as ſenſe.
At length again fair Science ſhot her ray,
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Now, Satire! triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow.
'Tis done—See! great Eraſmus breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell.
(In vain the ſolemn coul ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace;)
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reaſon urg'd by wit.
'Twas then plain Donne in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His wit harmonious, tho' his rhyme was proſe:
He, 'midſt an age of puns and pedants, wrote
With genuine ſenſe and Roman ſtrength of thought.
Yet ſcarce had Satire well relum'd her flame
(With grief the Muſe records her country's ſhame)
Ere Britain ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought and tinſel beauty ſhine;
Wit's ſhatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry morals the court poet bluſh'd to ſing;
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay "the oddeſt thing:"
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.

'Ill-fated

Ill-fated Dryden! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred ſkies,
Low creeping in the putrid ſink of Vice;
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain;
The pimp of Pow'r, the proſtitute to Gain:
Wreaths that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To ſtrumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrivall'd parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame,
And genius riſe a monument of ſhame!

More happy France: immortal Boileau there
Supported Genius with a ſage's care;
Him with her love propitious Satire bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:
Fancy and ſenſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs judgment guides the pureſt fire.

But ſee, at length, the Britiſh Genius ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd iſle:
Behold, for Pope ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one!
Each Roman's force adorns his various page,
Gay ſmiles, collected ſtrength, and manly rage.
Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight,
As ſpectres vaniſh at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image juſtly fine and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:
While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joy ſurveys her form divine.
But, oh! what thoughts, what numbers, ſhall I find
But faintly to expreſs the poet's mind?
Who yonder ſtar's effulgence can diſplay,
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a god unleſs the god inſpire?
What catch the lightning but the ſpeed of fire?
So, mighty Pope! to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,

With

With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next to her bard majeſtic Wiſdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame;
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty greatneſs bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views thy daring ſpirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart,
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.
Fantaſtic wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze expires:
Wit kindled by the ſulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it ſhines deſtroys;
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
Like this its beam prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly diſpels each wintry paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praiſe, immortal Pope! to thee be giv'n;
Thy genius was indeed a gift from Heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequall'd! in whoſe deathleſs line
Reaſon and wit with ſtrength collected ſhine;
Where matchleſs wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
Loſt, nobly loſt, in truth's ſuperior blaze.
Did friendſhip e'er miſlead thy wand'ring Muſe?
That friendſhip ſure may plead the great excuſe;
That ſacred friendſhip which inſpir'd thy ſong,
Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.
Error like this ev'n truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt virtue when it flows from love.
Ye deathleſs names! ye ſons of endleſs praiſe!
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, ſhall an artleſs Muſe, if you inſpire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?

Or,

Or if, O Warburton! inſpir'd by you,
The daring Muſe a nobler path purſue,
By you inſpir'd on trembling pinions ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid her country's glory fire her page:
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair Truth! deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe, but thine.
But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And daſh the ſmoking cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed bards may ſee
That guilt is doom'd to ſink in infamy.

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